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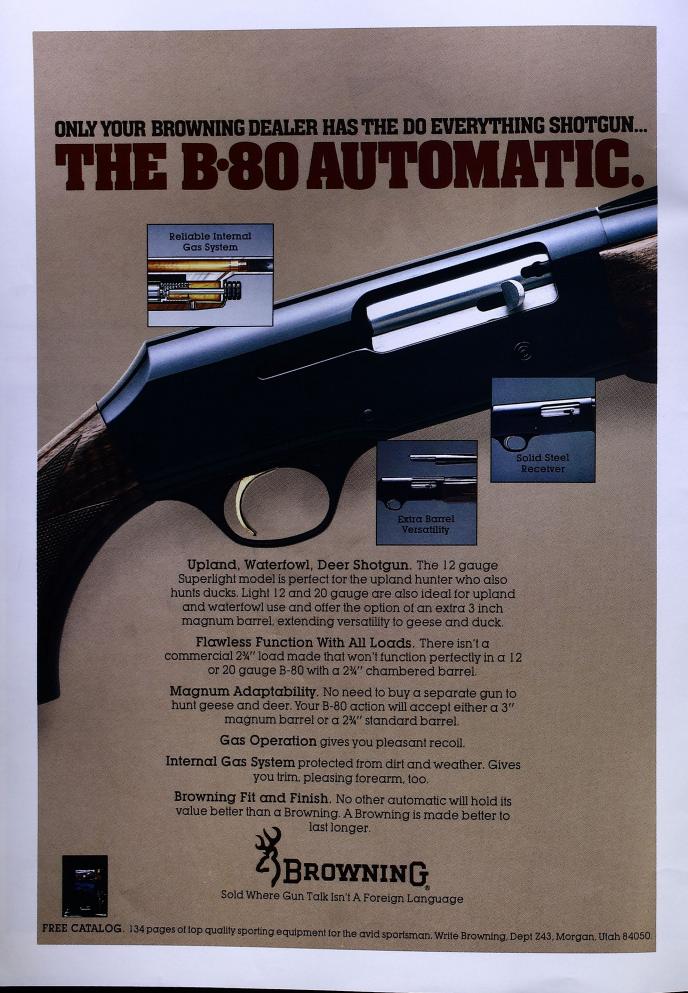
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AN OUTDOORS MAGAZINE FOR SPORTSMEN EVERYWHERE • JULY/AUGUST 1983 • \$3.00





Editor's Report

By SEN. H.L. RICHARDSON

No time for napping

Good news! We've had a terrific response to our first issue of the Gun Owner magazine. The sportsmen loved it, and pro-Proposition 15 Los Angeles Times editorialized against it and the liberal media in general was incensed over the title of our rabbit hunting article. There is no greater praise than the ire of your opposition! The magazine is fulfilling a real need in communications on the vital issues facing sportsmen, in providing greater information on who are our friends and our enemies.

Now the bad news . . . Many shooting enthusiasts are going to sleep. As they doze off into apathy, they say "We defeated Proposition 15. We have a pro-gun President and a pro-



gun California Governor, so what's the need to keep up the pro-gun fight?" There are plenty of reasons. Our opposition hasn't gone away nor are they sleeping. They are biding their time until the opportunity arises. The newly elected Attorney General of California, John Van de Kamp is strongly anti-gun and it's only a matter of time before he finds some way to give us trouble.

We need to be eternally vigilant, and organized. We must keep our progun organizations strong — this is the best insurance policy available to the sportsman. Encourage your friends to join Gun Owners, the N.R.A., the

California Rifle and Pistol Association, California Wildlife Federation or your local Safari group. These are good organizations and deserving of all our support. I am a dues paying member of the N.R.A., C.W.F., C.R.P.A., and Safari Club, and proud of it.

The best protection of our 2nd Amendment rights is to keep these groups strong and prepared. It is a lot less expensive over the long run, as well as the short.

Last but not least, get your friends to subscribe to Gun Owner magazine. It makes a terrific gift, and every new subscriber makes us that much stronger. Send copies to young people so they can read the viewpoint of the true conservationists, the American hunter. We intend to help preserve our American heritage and with God's help, we will.



Ready, Aim, Fire!

The encouraging response to our inaugural issue prompts us to introduce this new department to accommodate your letters — whether they be critical or in praise of Gun Owner magazine and its content. We reserve the right, however, to edit or condense your letters for space reasons, but promise to be fair and impartial in our own comments - so have at it!

Dear Gun Owner . . .

First let me say you are doing a wonderful job. I think this is a great idea and a great way to spread the gospel. Keep up the good work!

Sincerely, Leal A. Garner Robbins, California

Congratulations. I really enjoyed your first edition and look forward to future copies. I also very much enjoy writing of a political nature. You can count on my continued support.

> Most sincerely, Ralph E. Hodges Rio Dell, California

Congratulations on the inaugural issue. The magazine is attractive and most readable. Those of us who own and cherish our guns will continue to face challenges from well-meaning people. We must put forward a responsible and determined response. Gun Owner will undoubtedly contrib-

> Sincerely, Rod Chandler House of Representatives, Washington, D.C.

Ed: The above letters are typical of many in congratulations and encouragement. We thank you one and all, knowing that you too will be keeping up the good work!

Dear Sirs:

Enjoyed your new magazine! BUT, in my opinion, you have omitted a large group that worked very hard on Prop 15 as well as all other anti-gun campaigns. Under "Departments" you should add BLACK POWDER

> Yours, M.D. Cantwell Santa Barbara, California

Ed: It's not that we have omitted anything, M.D., there are a lot of things we just didn't have space to include. You'll be happy to know, however, that one of our late fall issues will be largely devoted to black powder stories and

Dear sirs:

If your next issues are as good as the first, you have a sure winner. Please do NOT forget that you have a lot of us rabid gun collectors that want to be recognized in future issues.

Sincerely, E.C. "Gene" Herrick

Ed: Well, this seems to be a "good news for everybody" day, Gene, we're already working on a gun collecting story and, like black powder, will probably have a regular department on the subject. Honest injun, we're going to try to cover everything related to weapons, hunting, fishing and the outdoors in general, but give us time!

Dear Gun Owner:

Your magazine is very beautiful, but I noticed that it didn't have as much color as some magazines.

> Sincerely, Teresa Alley Seattle, WA

Ed: As you might expect, adding full color gets very expensive. We've added eight more pages of color in this issue and hopefully more in the future. It all depends on our success, so tell your friends and neighbors about us!

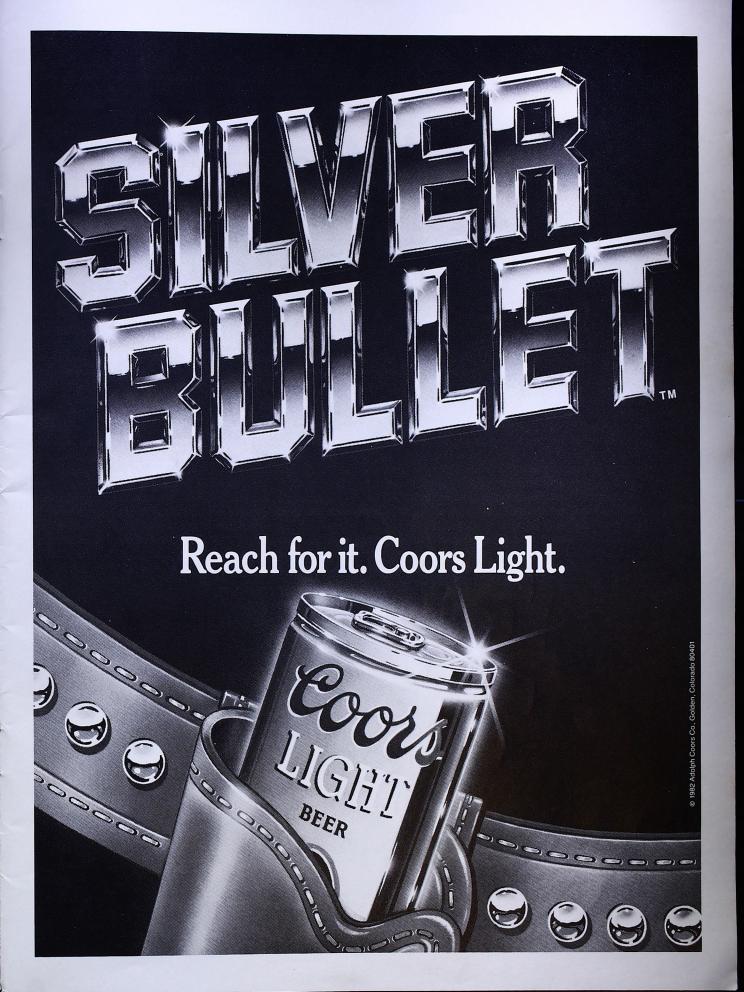


Just finished reading a copy of Gun Owner magazine, not bad at all! Especially liked the political analysis of the Prop. 15 defeat. Of all the Bay area television coverage, only KGO reporters mentioned the pro-gun cause. They made note of it twice and then silence. KPIX pretended there were only 14 propositions during recaps. I loved every minute of it!

I knew we were going to win when my partner and I were parked along Bayshore Freeway (San Francisco) at night to place "No on 15" signs and were approached by the CHP. The younger officer began to hassle us until the older officer asked what signs we were placing. "No on 15, huh, OK go ahead, but be quick about it." They drove off.

> Cordially, John Kenny Redwood City, California







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IN ACCORDANCE WITH NATURE

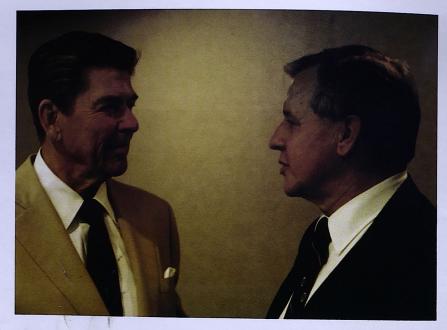
SHOULD BE ACCOUNTED GOOD."

- CICERO



INTERVIEW WITH THE PRESIDENT

By SEN. H. L. RICHARDSON



Senator Richardson and longtime friend.

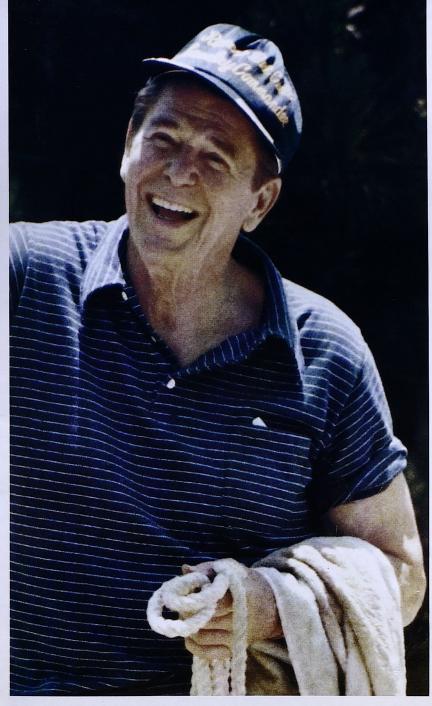
Security? I've never seen such security! Local plainclothes men and women, Secret Service agents and bodyguards. Serious people, paying no attention to the president's dynamic speech before the N.R.A. Annual Members Meeting in Phoenix. They were watching, looking, scrutinizing everyone, everything — security in the rafters, at the podium, every doorway, nook and cranny. There was no way another Hinckley was going to get within striking distance of the president. As President Reagan concluded his powerful speech to an enthusiastic and prolonged standing ovation, the ever alert security team moved swiftly into position to expedite the chief executive's departure.

As part of the entourage at the head table, I watched as the president walked by and then fell into the pro-

cession with Ed Rollins, Reagan's public relations director and old friend from California. Quickly and efficiently whisked through the back door, we were ushered into a waiting line of gleaming black limousines.

The caravan, including security and the press, sped past monitored stoplights, through the city of Phoenix and on to the Scottsdale Biltmore. Helicopters accompanying us during the entire trip, hovered overhead as the party quickly filed into the hotel through a back entrance.

I have known Ronald Reagan for over twenty years, often sharing the same speaking platforms — some even before either of us had been elected to public office. In 1966, Reagan became governor of California, the same year I was elected as a freshman senator. I served as Caucus Chairman during many of the years he governed our state and, in 1971, we



A friendly smile before mounting up for a ride.

were both honored by the California Rifle and Pistol Association for our work on various firearms issues. Much has happened since then. Now, here at the hotel in Scottsdale, I would soon have the privilege of a private interview with Ronald Reagan, President of the United States. I felt quite honored.

After chatting with a contingency of local dignitaries, there to greet him, the president and I retired to talk privately on the issues of guns.

Richardson: Mr. President, during your acting career, you played many

were both honored by the California roles using a firearm. Are you also a shooter in private life? And, if so, work on various firearms issues. Much what are your favorite guns?

Reagan: I do a little target shooting at the ranch with handguns — but I really can't say that I have a particular favorite.

Richardson: I understand that you have a collection of Old West firearms. What got you started collecting them and which are your favorites?

Reagan: I made several Western films during my time in Hollywood

and when I was associated with "Death Valley Days." Along the way, my interest in things associated with the Old West grew and, on one occasion, a fan sent me an old gun. Frankly, I would not call my collection strictly a "gun" collection as it includes many other things associated with the West — saddles, other items of tack, and artworks. The six-gun was an invaluable part of the opening up of the West and it played a vital role in our nation's history. My collection of Americana has special meaning in that it is an expression of my feelings about our country.

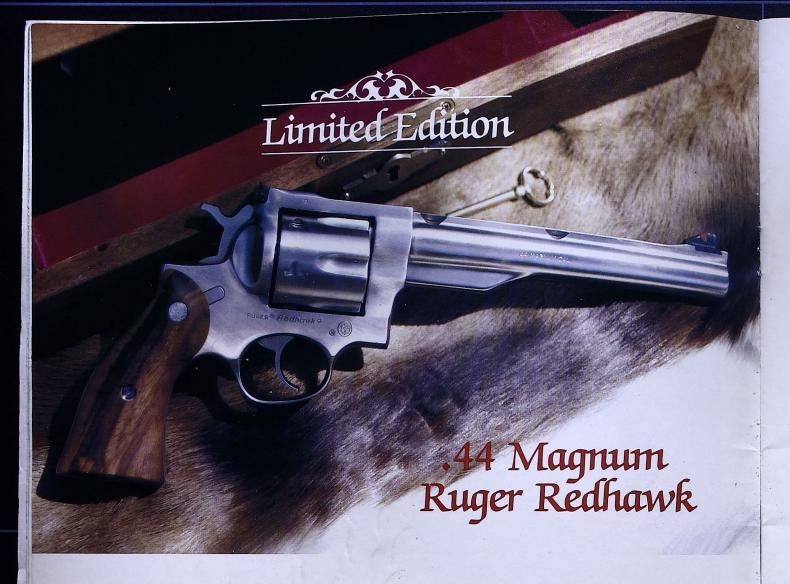
Richardson: We all know of your love of the outdoors and particularly horseback riding. Do you hunt and, if so, what are your favorite types of hunting?

Reagan: Actually, I'm not a hunter at all. Never have been. Although you are absolutely right about my love for the outdoors. We Americans have truly been blessed by living in a land that is overwhelming in its natural beauty and I like to get out and enjoy it whenever I can.

Richardson: Gun owners throughout the country took an active role in your campaign in 1980. Many are now anxious to know whether you will seek a second term in the White House. Are you close to making a decision about re-election in 1984?

Reagan: Well, we only have to look at our friends over in the Democratic party to realize that campaign fever is starting up again. Now as to my own intentions, all I can say right now is what I've said many times before — no decision — one way or the other — has been made. When it has been,

continued



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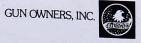
The "profit" goes right back into the business of defending the American right to keep and bear arms – and that includes your right to own this Ruger! It took over 30,000 volunteers and \$5.5 million dollars just to defeat Proposition 15 – a very serious drain on our resources! You can be certain that the anti-gun crowd is already busy with the next step in their ultimate goal of making gun ownership illegal in the United States. We simply cannot afford to let that happen.

As a collectable, the Ruger becomes an investment. Your donation, then, helps strengthen *your* future and at the same time helps *us* with an urgent need today. So please help us, and yourself, by sending your donation now. Make your check out to GUN OWNERS. INC. and mail it to:

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I'll waste no time in letting everyone know.

Richardson: What would motivate you to seek reelection?

Reagan: I've said I don't like to walk away from an unfinished job. It's just not my style.

Richardson: Mr. President, the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms (BATF) continues to harass individual gun owners, and seems to spend more time on "Mom and Pop" gun stores with minor infractions than on organized crime and major felony violations of our gun laws. Do you favor putting the regulating division of the BATF back into the Treasury where it was ten years ago and place the functions of firearm enforcement in a smaller agency?

Reagan: I am pleased to report that there has been great improvement in relations between the firearm enforcement component of BATF and gun owners and licencees since I took office more than two years ago. I intend to see it remain that way. That is why, among other technical, administrative, and policy reasons, my administration last year proposed the transfer of the BATF Firearms enforcement functions and related personnel to the U.S. Secret Service. The firearms component of BATF is now doing a fine job concentrating on organized crime and drug-related major felony violations of gun laws.

Richardson: Do you support changes and modifications of the 1968 Gun Control Act as proposed in legislation authored by Senator James McClure and Representative Harold Volkmer?

Reagan: I support changes and modifications of the 1968 Gun Control Act, a number of which are already embodied in the legislation sponsored by Senators James McClure and Orin Hatch and Representative Harold Volkmer. My Administration is working closely with sponsors of firearms reform legislation to produce a bill that truly protects the rights of law-abiding citizens without diminishing the effectiveness of criminal law enforcement against the misuse of firearms. I look forward to signing such a bill.

Richardson: We all greatly admired your courage in dealing with the assassination attempt in 1981. We especially admired the fact that this incident did not weaken your long standing opposition to more stringent gun control laws. Would you explain why?

Reagan: Such laws have generally proven ineffective in keeping guns out of the hands of criminals. A more effective approach to deterring armed violence is to impose severe sentences on those criminals who commit crimes, rather than placing additional burdens on the law-abiding gun owner.

Richardson: As you know, Gun Owners has grown in the last six years to become one of the country's largest political action committees (PACs). Now, the ultra-liberals in Congress are trying to outlaw PACs or drastically restrict our ability to participate politically. Would you veto any legislation which would restrict Gun Owners' ability to participate through their collective efforts?

Reagan: Some people think PACs should be limited. I don't favor passing laws to restrict free speech and active participation in politics by any individuals or groups. Instead of limiting what PACs can do, I'd rather ease the limits on what political parties can do. That's why I'm supporting legislation currently introduced by my friend Paul Laxalt in the Senate and my friend Bill Frenzel in the House. Both bills will go a long way in restoring our political parties to their rightful place in the American political process.

Richardson: Justice Sandra Day O'Connor, your first appointment to the Supreme Court, had a very strong pro-gun record in Arizona. Can we look forward to future judicial appointees sharing that philosophy?

Reagan: My appointment of Justice O'Connor to the Supreme Court was based on a wide variety of factors. My feelings on the role of the Court within the framework of American life are well-known and a matter of public record. Justice O'Connor, in my opinion, shares those views. It is this type of compatibility that a president is looking for in making such an appointment. If in the future, I have the opportunity to appoint another member to the Court, the same factors that entered into the O'Connor appointment, will come into play.

Richardson: Finally, Mr. President, I'm interested in knowing the most memorable moment so far of your Presidency?

Reagan: It would be impossible to pin down one moment because there have been so many. I am sure that every President remembers his Inauguration and, with the release of the American hostages, mine was especially memorable. Then, of course,

there was the day of the attempt on my life when three fine men were also seriously wounded. It is a very negative memory, but one which will always stand out. Another sad occasion, which was also an historical one, was the night three former presidents landed on the South Lawn of the White House on their way to the funeral of Anwar Sadat. It was a very dramatic moment and the terrible event which had initiated it had shocked the whole world. On the positive side I cannot leave out my meeting with Mother Teresa of India.



The President grins in appreciation of the warm NRA reception.

Although she is a very diminutive woman with a quiet demeanor, she possesses an awesome power to make God's love a living reality. Lastly, I must mention the many handicapped and seriously ill children who have visited me in the White House. When I look in their eyes, sometimes I see their pain, but most often I see their bravery, their determination, their joy and I know that I have seen the hope of our future.



BOOM BOOM — DAMN!

Never hunt with a lawyer less'n y'hafter

By JOE BILLY JAGER

Maybe it's a coincidence, but again maybe not. However, 'most every time I've hunted with a lawyer it's been a disaster. Counselors go with courts and conflict, divorces, ambulances, appeals, probates and problems, but rarely do they mix with the great outdoors. Teddy Roosevelt was the exception to the rule, but somehow the mold got cracked after him, and those who turn to lawyerin' rarely turn into decent hunters.

First of all, take their dress. Lawyers always look so "natty", so clean and pressed. Dust never seems to settle on 'em. I wonder if they even sweat or ever escape the protection of Right Guard. No matter how "outdoorsy" they try to look, if they put on a tie, most would be ready to plead a case and charge a fee. Something happens to 'em in law school. If you want your son to grow up to be a hunter, don't send him packin' to law

Let me give you a good example. I happen to have a lawyer friend from Los Angeles. In a weak moment, I invited him to go hunting with me if he ever ventured up to northern California. He did, and, true to my word I took him pheasant hunting at a ranch that belonged to another compadre down near Lodi. The place was loaded with wild birds and I expected a good hunt.

Early in the morning, I pulled up to his motel and honked. My lawyer friend came prancing out the door, dressed to kill; brand new jacket, spanking new hat, boots and pants. He had a brand new Ithaca 20-gauge under his arm and 4 boxes of 3inch magnum shells with #4 shot. Hot on his heels were his three sons, ages 9, 7 and 5.

"Mind if the boys tag along?" Before I could close my gaping mouth, the boys had clambered into the back seat and my lawyer friend had plopped himself down in the spot next

"Boys," he authoritatively stated, "you do what Joe Billy says. Do you hear me?"

If his comments had any appreciable impact on them, it went unnoticed by me. They were busy bouncing up and down on the back seat and trying to pet my dog, who was in the back seat of my 4-wheel drive Bronco.

We arrived at the ranch and the foreman met us at the gate. He told us what fields we could hunt, so we maneuvered our way out to the edge

of the beet and milo fields in anticipation of a great day. The foreman followed in his pickup. As the boys enthusiastically and noisily piled out of the car, I called them over and instructed them.

"Boys — listen boys — boys boys - B O Y S!" That got 'em and for a brief second I had their attention. "Boys, don't get out in front of your dad or me, don't call my dog, she's young and needs a lot of training Don't talk to us unless it's important, don't complain, don't fall behind, and pay attention - or," I leaned closer to the three of them, screwed up my face into a frightful configuration and hissed, "I'll pick each one of you up and bite your head off clean down to your belly button. DO YOU UNDER-STAND?" The silence lasted until we



entered the first field.

"Daddy, Daddy, I got stickers in my pants!" The five-year-old had wandered into a batch of sticker-berries and his legs, pants and socks were covered with them. The hunt halted while father "there, there'd" him and removed the stickers. Meanwhile, the older two were calling my dog, "Here Candy, here Candy." It was useless to reprimand them. I wanted to "whomp" the hell out of their undisciplined little fannies, but they weren't my whelps and I didn't have to live with 'em.

Finally, the dog went on point. I flushed the bird and my lawyer friend ventilated the sky with 11/4 ounces of #4 shot out of each barrel. The pheasant was as safe as the kids were from a spanking. The dog came on point again — repeat performance. So went the morning. It was to be a Boom Boom Damn Day. Boom -Boom — Damn! Boom — Boom — Damn! I finally took a shot and brought down a bird. I gave it to the Dutch foreman who was following our

By this time my counselor acquaintance felt he had the hang of wild pheasant hunting and began to instruct my dog and me. "Let's go over here Joe Billy, let's work this area J.B., let's try over there!" Lawyers have one fatal characteristic. No group can pretend to know so much about so many things with so little knowledge. They obviously teach classes in "Know-It-All II" at Harvard, Yale and Boalt Hall. I'm sure he would have had me retrieve if he had shot anything.

"Daddy, Daddy," Both our heads turned as all three of the boys were approaching us at a dead gallop. "Look what we found!" They then proceeded to hold up a live widgeon duck. It had been wounded in the left wing and couldn't fly.

"Well, well," smiled the counselor, "what do we have here?"

"May we keep it, may we keep it?" pleaded the boys.

"Of course you can," responded their proud father.

"Can we keep it Mr. Jager, can we, can we?" I looked down at the pathetic duck and then at the eager faces of the three of them, "Oh heck, why not? Take it over to the Dutchman," I responded, "You can't keep it with you while your father and I are hunt-

"Oh goody," they exclaimed.

"How about that?" beamed the fa-

"Oh, horse pucky," I said to myself. The three boys marched triumphantly over to the Dutchman and held the bird up to him. Now the Dutchman wasn't blessed with a great deal of "swift", so with one motion he reached down, grabbed the widgeon by the neck and with a quick twirl of the wrist, the duck's neck was summarily dislocated and twisted into a pretzel shape. In unison the boys screamed bloody murder. The Dutchman dropped the duck and recoiled from the piercing yells that were emitting from the three shocked boys. Before the duck had bounced more than once off the ground, the boys gathered its flapping body in theirarms and came charging back across the field.

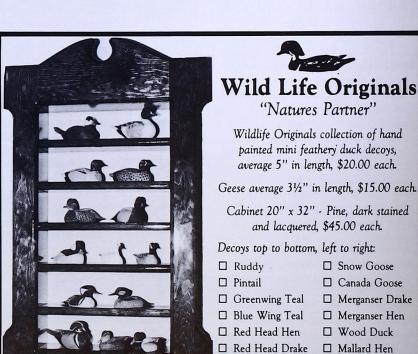
"Daddy, Daddy," they sobbed, "The ducky's hurt, the ducky's suffer-

Daddy lawyer was up to the occasion — no panic on his part. "Put the duck down on the ground boys and stand back," he said. They did. Without any advice or farewell, my lawyer

friend pointed the muzzle of the 20gauge at the flapping duck and from no more than 15 inches, pulled the trigger and blew the duck into "kingdom come." Did you ever see a duck shot at 15 inches with #4 shot from a 3" magnum shell? SPLATTER-

By this time the hunt was a complete disaster. Never mind the rest of the story, when, believe it or not, I was pinched by a game warden for hunting two minutes after closing. As the warden said, "Hunting stops at four fifty and it is four fifty two! Let's see vour license!" Picky, picky, I wanted to quit hunting a half hour earlier, but my legal beagle buddy wanted to hunt that one extra field. The sum total of the hunt was: One psychotic and confused German Shorthair dog, the jangled nerves of the old Dutchman, a fifty dollar fine and a flat tire — the rewards of the hunt. My counselor comrade had a great time. I gave the one pheasant I shot to my lawyer friend and he summarily had it stuffed and mounted.





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California Political Report

Pac Man's revenge



By BILL SARACINO

Whenever the "good government" types of both major parties, and the "public interest" bleeding hearts agree on something, it's time to hold onto your wallet and your Bill of Rights. That's exactly the situation at California's State Capitol, with the latest round of attacks on political action committees (PACs) - like Gun Owners of California.

You may have seen or heard some of the latest wave of attacks. The CBS television network has already run a series of specials on this "sinister" new force. All the liberal and anti-gun media have chimed in with editorials and indepth analyses, wailing and gnashing good liberal teeth over this terrible threat to Democracy. Time magazine has even run a cover story attacking PACs, a sure sign that the radical chic in the country is about to launch a new crusade.

And in no state capitol around the country has the anti-PAC fad taken hold as strongly as right here in California in Sacramento. The list of legislative authors of "political reform" bills reads like a roster of the chic-chic Left: John Vasconcellos, Ken Maddy, Richard Alatorre, John Garamendi. All the "proper" folks are there. And if you expect a puff-piece feature story in the Los Angeles Times, or to be toasted with chablis by the hot tub set in Marin, then you'd better hop on board, Mr. Legislator. Unfortunately, there is no lack of soft-headed legislators willing to pander to this new lynch mob in California's Capitol.

The goo-goos (Good Government types) and other assorted outriders of the Left will tell you that PACs have entirely too much money, and they exert a corrupting influence on the political system, "buying" votes for the evil "special interests." As usual, not only do the liberals and anti-gunners have their facts wrong, but they are also constructing a straw man to hide their real pur-

First of all, PACs today cover the entire political spectrum, and are not the private domain of any ideology or philosophy. There are doctors' PACs and dentists' PACs, Liberal PACs and Conservative PACs, environmental PACs and Business PACs, right-to-life PACs and pro-abortion PACs. Anyone who can convince enough like-minded people to contribute money can start a PAC - and that's exactly the point. PACs represent what our political system is supposed to be all about - freedom of association and freedom to band together to influence elections.

For in reality, what is a PAC or "special interest" group? Taking Gun Owners of California (GOC) as an example (and we are often singled out for attack by the liberals when they go on the rampage about "special interests"), we get an instructive view of PACs. GOC. like most PACs, is nothing more than a voluntary coming together of individuals with a common interest in order to increase their political effectiveness. In 1982, when GOC distributed nearly \$1 million to political campaigns, the average contribution which we received was \$21. How's that for a big, evil special interest! However, by collecting enough contributions of \$21, Gun Owners of California was able to be an enormously effective political force. Instead of \$21 given to a candidate or ballot measure by one of our contributors (who couldn't possibly do all the research done here at our office). his \$21, when pooled with others, became thousands of dollars expertly directed into political campaigns where it made a difference - a vital difference in electing more pro-gunners to public office and in defeating Proposition 15.

A PAC is really the only way for the average citizen to have a major effect politically, and now we get to the real objection of our liberal anti-gun friends. Ten years ago, when the only PACs which existed were those representing vested interests in big government, bigger spending, and the status quo, the liberals didn't protest. In fact, they were absolutely ecstatic, because they were the only game in town. Now, not only do they have competition, but we're beating their socks off in election after election, and they don't like it. So

When the National Education Association bartered hundreds of convention delegates to Jimmy Carter in 1980 as a

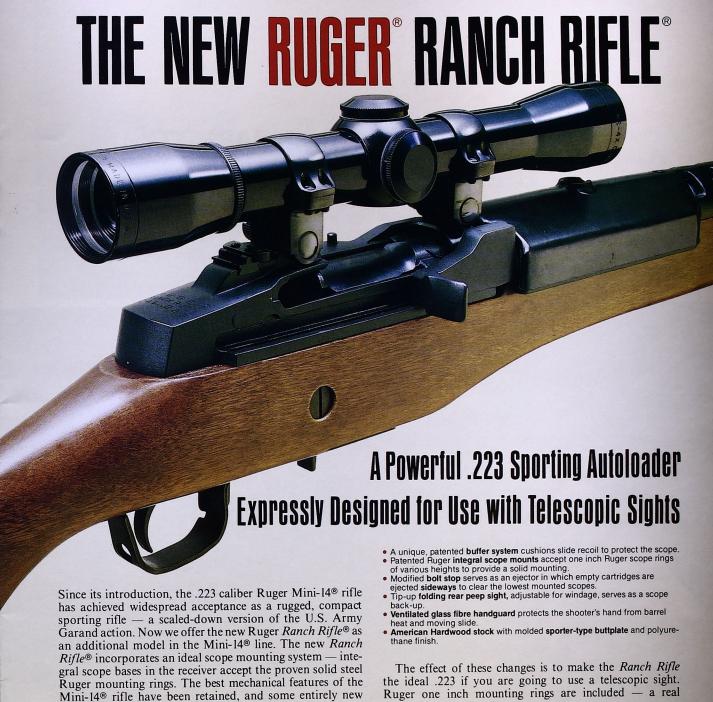
payoff for its very own \$15-billion Cabinet department, you didn't hear a peep out of Common Cause or the liberals. However, when the National Rifle Association and GOC start defeating anti-gun incumbents, and when Proposition 15 goes down 2 to 1 and takes gubernatorial candidate Tom Bradley with it, that's when PACs become "evil special interests." The solution, as contained in most of

the "reform" bills mentioned above, is to strictly curtail (or in some cases eliminate altogether) the ability of PACs to participate in the political process. The money taken out of the process from PACs is replaced, under a happy little scam called "public financing," by money from you, the taxpayers. Now some of you out there may think that you already give enough of your money to the government. Well, surprise! The do-gooders have determined that you cannot make the decision on your own as to which candidate you ought to support financially. So, the state is going to take some of your tax money, and give it to candidates for you, whether you like the candidate or not. What this means, of course, is that some of your tax dollars end up helping elect Tom Bradley governor or Tom Hayden assemblyman. How's that for "political reform!"

This attack on PACs and the alternatives proposed are not only without merit on the basis of good public policy, but they are also immoral at the very basic level of allowing people control of their own money. The liberals and antigunners are worried because the "common folks" have finally figured out how the system works are beginning to have a definite impact. The elitists want to go back to the good old days when only the rich and powerful, who could afford to have permanent representation in the State Capitol, had an effect on government.

Well. Gun Owners of California will

not sit still for it. We will have few higher priorities in 1983 than defending our right to exist as a PAC, and your right to associate voluntarily with us for effective political action. Let the anti-gunners and apologists for big government be on notice that they're not fooling us with this back door attack. We intend to fight them every step of the way. And as one or more of these anti-PAC bills start moving through the Legislature, we will keep you informed of their progress. We're sure you will want to help us defeat this very fundamental threat to your freedom.



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Eleven year old silhouette master can't miss

By STEVE COMUS

After the match, J.J. enjoys a lighthearted moment with dad.





His hand dwarfed by an unlimited class silhouette pistol, J. J. Barlett, from a Creedmoor position, squeezes the few ounces it takes to trip the trigger and blasts his way into the top ranks of the shooting sports.

In 11-year-old J.J.'s hand, the custom version of a Remington XP-100 becomes a precision instrument that artfully knocks down metal silhouettes in a string of hits that has won the youngster every title from the local and regional level to national champion.

In addition to excellence, J.J. also brings the true sense of sportsmanship, responsibility and values to his deserved ranking in the shooting sports field.

Since he began shooting at age eight, young Mr. Barlett has learned to do one thing extremely well: knock down metal silhouettes, one after another.

A fourth grader at the American Christian Academy, J.J. has taken more shooting awards than most gun owners dream about getting in a lifetime, and he keeps picking off more trophies just about every time he goes out.

Jarl Jerry Barlett, known to his friends and competitors as just J.J., is the national junior champion of the International Handgun Metallic Silhouette Association, a title that is just about as long as he is tall.

For a lot of shooters, such a title might be viewed as the zenith of accomplishment, but not for young

Wizard at work.

J.J. of Upland, California. He and his parents, Jerry and Jo Barlett, say he'll probably not compete much longer in the junior ranks. Rather, he's ready to shoot against anyone.

For J.J., shooting a perfect 40 in silhouette competition is not the end of a match, but rather the beginning of the interesting part. He then separates the men from the boys by picking off successive targets until there is no more competition.

It seems like there are "natural" shooters in about any discipline, and when it comes to handgun silhouette competition, Jarl Jerry fills the bill, with a lot left over. He's not merely a shooting genius. He's an all-around nice young man with a variety of interests that range from shooting to collecting things like rocks, to playing with neighborhood friends. Add to that the fact that J.J. does extremely well in school where he has been on the honor roll and you have an all-around winner.

Perhaps the most impressive trait about the youthful shooter is that he's unpretentious. He's good, he knows it, but doesn't make a big thing out of it. And for someone his age, it is extremely important to be able to be a graceful winner. Losing is a concept rather foreign to J.J., but his parents have gone out of their way to make sure the youngster can be as good a loser as he is a winner.

If all this sounds like some kind of fairy tale, it is not.

It would be impossible to talk about J.J. without discussing his parents. They are both accomplished handgun silhouette shooters in their own right,

and are a constant encouragement for J.J. to continue to excel in the sport.

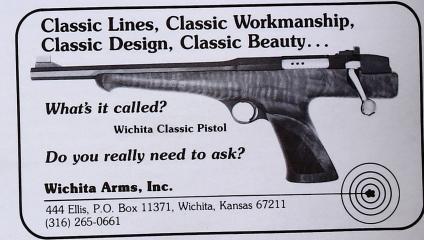
The Barletts have the formula for success whether they are involved in shooting or something else. It is immediately obvious to the most casual observer that J.J. and his parents are experiencing life as a family, not just a loosely arranged combination of individuals.

By instilling in the youth a strong sense of values, both on and off the range, his parents are helping form a true champion — a person who can transcend even his own accomplishments which already are legion.

The Barletts own the Iron Sight Gunworks in Upland, and are totally devoted to the shooting sports. It wasn't long ago that the Barletts initiated something new to the business: They set up a fully equipped reloading center, offering access to a variety of leading cartridge equipment to the public.

Such an arrangement allows shooters to try out different makes and models of loading equipment to see what suits them best before investing in specific equipment. As important, however, is the expert instruction available. Novices can learn how to reload ammo or form their own cartridges correctly and safely under the guidance of people who know what they are doing—something that has been painfully missing in the gun world.

Innovation is a way of life for the continued



The victor with a very proud mom and dad.



Barletts. When J.J. goes to the shooting line, he's not carrying just any handgun. In unlimited competition, it's a modified Remington XP-100 chambered for the 7 mm Laser round.

For those who have not already encountered the cartridge, it is the brainchild of Jerry Barlett, and has added a new dimension to silhouette shooting. Although the cartridge is still too new to have been established as a well known hunting round, it certainly looks like a winner in the field as well as on the range.

Barlett starts out with .308BR brass, shortens it to 1.610 inches and then necks it down to 7 mm. Loaded with 145 grain Speer spitzer bullets, CCI-400 primers and 30.5 grains of H4895 powder, the 14%-inch barrel firearm in J.J.'s hand spits out shots at 2163 feet per second in competition. For the ram silhouettes, he uses a 160 grain Speer spitzer with 32 grains of H4895 powder and the same primers for a muzzle velocity of 2300 feet per second.

The 7 mm Laser is a profound cartridge, but Barlett is quite low key when discussing its development. Actually, he said there wasn't much development to it. He decided he wanted to improve the .308BR round, thought it over and "stumbled" onto the King Kong round. As an example of what he is talking about, Barlett explained that it didn't take long before he had a load that varies only five feet per second

from one round to another. Oddly, the 7 mm Laser round is not Barlett's claim to fame. Rather, he is best known for his sights, which quickly have become one of the more popular types in the field. The sights, about the only ones on the market designed specifically for silhouette competition, are routinely mounted on Remington XP-100s, Sakos, Thompson-Centers and Wichita silhouette pistols. One click of the sight adjusts two inches of elevation at 200 meters, and 1.6 inches in windage.

Armed with such equipment, J.J. can be confident when he goes to the line, but the story doesn't stop there. Recently, he became even more widely known as the subject of an ABC television "That's Incredible" show. One thing is certain: J.J. and his parents are going to be very well known in gun circles for a long, long time, and it looks as though California may have a perennial silhouette champ.

The Barletts are living proof that

the shooting sports are indeed a family activity, and there is no doubt in the minds of serious shooters that the rapidly growing silhouette game can be most rewarding.

When watching a master like J.I on the line, handgun silhouette shooting looks easy. But anyone who has ever capped off a round from a handgun knows it is far from a breeze.

For openers, the closest target is a life-size chicken silhouette at 50 meters. Then there are cutouts of javelina at 100 meters, turkeys at 150 meters and rams at 200 meters. A lot of shooters might do well to hit the rams with a rifle. In the silhouette game, however, hitting the target isn't enough. You have to knock it down, or at least knock it off its stand. In simple terms, that means the silhouette must be hit squarely with a lot of punch, especially at the longer ranges.

In a standard round of fire, the shooter fires 10 shots at each type of target, giving a maximum possible score of 40. In matches where shooters are accomplished enough to score the perfect 40 in standard competition, there is a shootout to determine

Because of the requirements of the sport, handgun silhouette shooting calls for some pretty beefy rounds. A .357 gun is a lightweight, with a .44 magnum really in the middle ground. Handgunners are using a lot of former rifle cartridges like .308, .30/30 or 7 mm.

It has been on the silhouette front that some of the more dramatic developments in the shooting sports have been taking place lately. Just as developments in motor racing result in improvements for regular road vehicles, innovations in the handgun silhouette field are beginning to show their worth in the hunting world.

At a time when many agitators in society are trying to ban handgun ownership, the Barletts, who actively helped defeat Proposition 15 on last November's ballot in California, are showing that there are truly numbers of legitimate uses for such firearms. It is through efforts and accomplishments of gun owners like the Barletts that handgunning is blazing new



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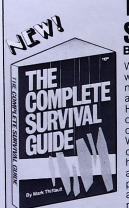
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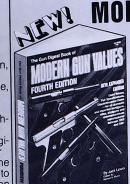
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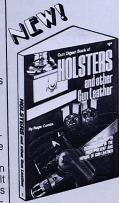
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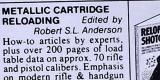
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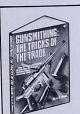
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SAN FRANCISCO FREAK SHOW

Media straw grasping gets "curiouser and curiouser" in Feinstein's Wonderland

By BILL SARACINO

Ever since last November's elections, the media has been looking for good, anti-gun stories. They've been desperately trying to find ways to show that the rejection of Proposition 15 really didn't prove that the people at large were actually pro-gun. They have been absolutely frantic in their search for some way to get themselves out from under the landslide defeat of Prop. 15.

Apparently convinced they've round salvation in Mayor Diane Feinstein's defeat of a recall election in San Francisco, the press has been crowing that her victory shows that the anti-gun position really is popular—if correctly presented, that is. Well, as Porgy said to Bess, "it ain't necessarily so," and we think the facts need to be set straight.

The recall was an attempt to unseat Mayor Feinstein and had nothing to do with the gun issue.

The recall campaign was run by a left wing fringe group called the White Panthers. Leftover remnants of the 1960's Haight Ashbury hippie culture, these folks proudly call themselves Communists, though they insist on using the lower case "c". Needless to say, they have never been part of the "gun lobby" or participated in any pro-gun activity. True, they did use Feinstein's proposal to ban guns as a means of gathering signatures for the recall, but they used 8 or 10 other issues as well, without giving special emphasis to any of them. It was the media, and the media alone, that tried to turn this into a gun issue.

There were no pro-gun groups involved at any stage in the recall.

During the gathering of signatures, and again during the actual campaign, every pro-gun group in the state made

a special effort to stay away from the whole thing. At no time was there a chance that the recall would be successful, largely due to the bizarre nature of the group sponsoring it.

It appears to us that the entire hype

It appears to us that the entire hype was merely a case of the media whistling past the graveyard. Feinstein's victory had no more to do with the gun issue than did Margaret Thatcher's election in England, and all the press hoopla in the world won't change that fact. It has occurred to us, however, that Feinstein's success may have removed her from contention for the Vice Presidential slot on the Democratic ticket. After all, anyone acceptable to the voters in San Francisco should probably be automatically disqualified from serious consideration by the rest of the country!



STARS HELL — WE SHOOT HERE!

The only thing "Hollywood" about the Beverly Hills Gun Club is its name

By D. ENLOE HANSON

It's true, Sylvester Stallone is a small stockholder and does shoot at the Beverly Hills Gun Club now and then. So does Angie Dickinson, occasionally. And there are a few wellheeled socialites and businessmen among the patrons and members of the club, but mostly it's just plain folks interested in the fun of target shooting and learning more about firearms. Most of the staff have never seen a celebrity at the club except at rare club parties or press conferences. Considering the images conjured up by the mention of Beverly Hills, however, one can understand the notion that the club would be the place where the stars might go for the kick of shooting a "real" gun. On my way to cover the story, the notion entered my own thoughts and I must confess that I even hoped that there would be a famous name or two to spice things up a bit. If not, at least a couple of lovely little starlets! No dice.

As the buzzer sounded, I pushed through the sturdy wire gate, an interior door, and entered the carpeted lobby where I introduced myself and mentioned the scheduled appointment with co-owner, Arthur Kassel. While I waited, I noticed that the staff, mostly young, uniformed men, all wore weapons on their hips. Two of them manned a glass display case that also served as a counter for visitors and patrons. Showcased was everything from pistols and ammunition to

cleaning gear, t-shirts and nylon jackets. Not at all ostentatious, the decor housed a very efficient and business-like atmosphere.

Kassel came out, apologized for the delay and told me it would be a short while before he was free. I decided to get the meat and potatoes information about the club from members of the staff. Spencer Marks and Kent Fletcher joined me at a table in the large, comfortably appointed lounge.

My first question was about all the "artillery" being packed around. "It's just a form of prevention," Spencer explained. "Any adult can come in here, show identification, sign the regulations form and receive a gun for use on the range. We have no way of knowing what his intentions might be." Anticipating my next question. he continued. "For all we know, the guy might be a kook or even a felon. There are three things criminals look for — guns, money and drugs. There are no drugs here, but obviously he can get guns and whatever money there is in the cash register."

"What are the chances of that happening?" I asked.

"Very slim," Spencer replied.
"Nothing like that has happened in the two years we've been open, but we have to be prepared."

"Another possibility," Kent added, "is a guy coming in off the street and asking to see, uh, let's say, a .45 automatic. He's got a loaded magazine in his pocket."

"Clever."

"Sure. All he's gotta do is shove it in and he's got a loaded gun on us."

"Why would anyone try something like that with all these armed guys around?"

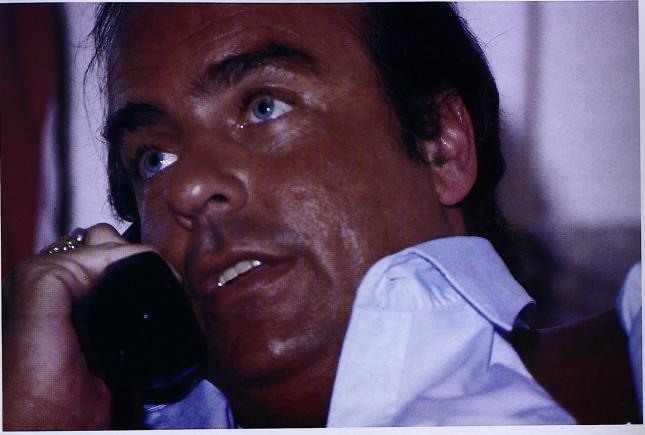
Kent replied, "You just made my point. He wouldn't."

"Most wouldn't," Spencer said, "but you have to remember that some of these people — let's say they're on drugs or something — can get pretty desperate. We're talking about people who might have served time. These guys will shoot at an armed, trained policeman with a radio, so they look at a gun store or a place like this and it might look easy. At least from the outside."

Pushing it to the "what if" stage, I listened as Kent and Spencer explained that most of the staff had police or police reserve background and training, especially for confrontation situations. "It's called stress training," said Kent. "Stress is the most important factor in a confrontation, not the actual shooting — if it gets to that." Working at a gun range, with ample opportunity to practice, the men on staff, on the average, are better marksmen than the average policeman.

"Besides," Spencer added, "most confrontations occur within twenty-one feet. To put one shot, or two, onto a human-sized target is not that difficult."

The confrontation subject rambled on to other possibilities, but the point was made, and emphasized, that the best deterrent to such situations is an armed staff. The fact that not a single



incident of this nature has occurred at the club validates the philosophy. The primary interest in protecting the safety and enjoyment of the club members has been satisfied.

The concern for safety also manifests itself through the staff's watchful eye regarding substandard firearms. "It's not so much the make or model, but the condition of the gun we worry about," Kent said. "There are some foreign made guns that don't even surpass the melting point specs. They're made out of pot metal, literally. Some guns have a history of mal-

function and may not even work right out of the box. And there are people with guns that just haven't been properly taken care of. We feel an obligation to tell the customer about a faulty or dangerous gun and, if we have to, we'll ban certain guns from the range. We just can't take any chances on somebody getting hurt."

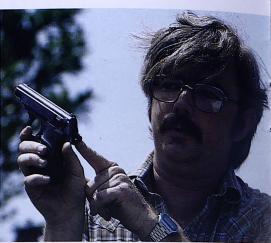
"How does the guy off the street choose a good gun from a bad one?"

Kent answered, "Almost any American made gun, manufactured with high grade steel or alloy, will be trustworthy. Even guns at the low end of the price scale will be weapons that work well." "How about the guy who just wants a gun on his nightstand, for protection?"

"Well, of course, he doesn't need special grips or competition sights, but he should have reliability. It doesn't have to be a sophisticated weapon and it shouldn't require an investment of a lot of time and money to learn how to use it. We recommend a four inch barrel, .38 Special with a steel frame. A good combination of size, power and affordability."

continued





"Do most people who come here," I asked, "come for the purpose of learning how to protect themselves, regarding crime?"

"No," said Spencer. "Ninety percent of them come for sport shooting. People find pleasure in it. It's a fun thing to do. A lot of the people who come in for self-defense reasons, find out that they enjoy it and become sport shooters."

"Isn't there a danger in the possibility that you might arm and train someone who has no business having a gun in their hands?"

"Not really," Spencer continued.

"Obviously there's going to be one or two out of a hundred who shouldn't be allowed anywhere near a gun. We can usually spot those people at the counter. Like the know-it-all type who pays no attention to the safety rules. When one of these guys clears a live round out of the chamber, with the gun aimed right at your stomach, it can get pretty tense! Needless to say, he doesn't cut it at this club."

Covering every question I could think of with logical and intelligent answers, both Spencer and Kent con-



vinced me that the Beverly Hills Gun Club staff is not only highly competent, but also knowledgeable. One of the many things I learned from them, for example, is that it is not a good idea to store a gun in a holster. The tanic acid used to treat leather attracts moisture and will create rust. Son of a gun!

Attractively tanned and wearing sun glasses, Arthur Kassel waved me into his office from behind a large desk that supported a kaleidoscope of clutter including everything from security television monitors to a large jar of miniature candy bars. The accent told me he was from the east, maybe New York. His words told me that he was friendly, enthusiastic and that he knew what he was talking about. Despite only two years in the business, Kassel is a success. Part of that success is due, in large part, to his partner, John Pride. As Kassel noted, the business was "the dream of John Pride." Captain of the Los Angeles Police Department pistol team, winner of the Police Olympics, widely honored John Pride is one of the finest shooters in the world. When Kassel was more heavily involved with security work, he would hire John Pride to head up security teams for major events. In addition to his own security company, Kassel was an important security officer for the California Narcotic Authority and is the former Chief of Security for Casablanca Filmworks. As an expert in security procedures, Kassel was often given difficult assignments. Sometimes it would be a film premiere, sometimes meetings or dinners with important politicians or military personnel, but always, John Pride was the man Kassel called first. As he says, "John Pride was the finest of the finest." The two became friends through that association and it was then that John mentioned his dream of opening a first class shooting range.

Following a great deal of discussion, the business was formed in 1981. It couldn't have been done at a worse time — especially a gun club. President Reagan was shot and wounded seriously, the Pope was shot and wounded, and John Lennon, former member of the Beatles rock group, was shot and killed. The antigun community had whipped up a howling wave of gun control sentiment across the nation as a result of those incidents

Intimidated by bad press, one of the major investors in the Pride-Kassel venture withdrew his investment. Other potential investors quickly closed their checkbooks and the club lost an estimated quarter of a million dollars. Interest rates were on a rampage in 1981, but the club had no choice; they had to take out loans—at a whopping 24% interest. Through it all, leftists in the media continued their abuse of the embattled owners.

It was then that Kassel's value to the organization came into play. Using every ounce of his considerable charm, he managed to hold things together, to get alternate financing and through it all he managed, personally, to clobber the media attacks on their own turf — on the air, in interviews. People and organizations began to help as the pro-gun movement rallied to the cause. Slowly, things turned around and the fervor

created by Proposition 15 became an asset. New members came in. Money became more available and the club began to grow.

During a break in the interview, I decided to look at the range. Fitted with earphones and glasses, I watched as members of an introductory class were putting their lessons into practice. Several instructors roamed back and forth behind the shooters giving advice, correcting form or praising a shooter when it was deserved.

About sixty percent of the class were women. I talked to two, neither

The other woman came with her husband, who also took the class, and spoke of their native land, England, where firearms are "rather frowned on." They were both enthusiastic about how easily they overcame their apprehension.

Returning to Kassel's office, I found him munching croissants as he signed off a phone call with a very New Yorkish, "Nice tawkin' to ya." I heard him say that again after showing a friend to the door and then again as a sign of dismissal after going over some routine matters with a secretary.



of whom had ever fired a gun before, and found them both surprised at the noise of the gun's report and the amount of recoil. They were also in agreement that it was interesting and a lot of fun. One of them, tall and rather independent in nature, told me that only a small part of her interest was in self defense. She admitted, however, that she did feel "a few degrees more secure" after learning about and firing a pistol.

"Nice tawkin' to ya." Arthur Kassel may have a bit of con in him and he might even "hustle" a little here and there, but you know it and you don't mind it. He does it in a very engaging way.

"Let me tell ya," he began, as we resumed the interview. "Right now, today, we have here a 'state of the art' shooting facility."

continued





"How so?" I asked.

"We've got closed-circuit television facilities for taping and critique. We've expanded to two ranges, completely ventilated — one has the electronic, automatic target retrievals for target practice. The other side is a combat range with turning targets and we've just installed a brand new falling plate machine. Thirty-six falling plates and when they're shot down they come back up with just a push of a button."

"Isn't that one of your ideas?"

"Well, falling plate targets have been around long before me. They've always been reset with a rope. I figured there's gotta be a better way. Y'know? I was willing to spend the money and hire the engineers to put it together. Now we're getting inquiries from other ranges around the country. We're putting together a prefabricated package deal, maybe twenty-five grand, ball park."

Gesturing as only easterners can gesture, Kassel went on to explain a counter-weight system the club was developing for the metal plate targets so they could accommodate different caliber ammunition. He talked about the lounge where members could relax, watch big-screen television, have lunch or just talk. As each new feature of the facility was described, Kassel's eyes seemed to light up a little. He was justifiably proud of how the club had overcome its early problems and become a first rate operation.

"This has been an incredible learn-

ing experience for me," he said. "I have never really been what you'd call a shooter, so I came at this from a whole different direction and one of the things I had to do was to overcome my own ignorance." A mixture of small embarrassment and a lot of pride lit up a smile as he continued. "I hope I don't sound presumptuous, but at this point in time, I would hold my own with any expert in the nation, or the world, on building a shooting facility. I can tell you if something is acoustically sound, ballistically sound, if it is properly ventilated, and I'll tell ya, that didn't come all at once!"

Someone once said that we are all little kids, but that our toys are more sophisticated. Arthur M. Kassel seems to verify that notion. Along with his engaging enthusiasm, there is a competence and a remarkable achievement record. Behind the socalled "con", there is an honesty and a genuine concern that his contribution to the shooting industry shall be an important one. Expansion plans call for a new club in downtown Los Angeles "in less than two years." Undoubtedly on a new "state of the art" level, but in the meantime, the Beverly Hills Gun Club will do quite nicely, thank

At the door, we shook hands and I told him that I enjoyed the interview and was both surprised and impressed with the quality of the facility. He thanked me and we both got a good laugh when he added, "Nice tawkin' to ya!"





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As a special courtesy to members of Gun Owners of California, the Beverly Hills Gun Club is proud to offer a one-year membership for the unbelievably low price of only \$99. This \$99 membership has all of the benefits of our \$250 annual membership, including free range time and range reservation privileges. This incredible offer will end on September 30, 1983, at which time this same membership will cost \$250 a year. An annual family membership is also available to Gun Owners of California for \$150 which allows a maximum of three members.

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POOR MAN'S GRAND SLAM — PART II

A Coues coup in Arizona

By SENATOR H.L. RICHARDSON



Worth all the aches and pains!

"There's where a band of Chiricahua Apache killed a cowboy and chased off another," Marvin Glenn shifted in his saddle and pointed to a small mound of rocks that commemorated where one Arizona ranch hand had donated his hair to a band of Geronimo renegades after a short "guns and arrows" episode — Apache 1, Cowboys 0.

The Chiricahua range is a rugged range of mountains close to the Mexican border northeast of Douglas, Arizona. From a distance, the range looks like nothing more than a rugged band of barren boulders and rocks covered with cactus and sharp thorned bush and sage brush, a haven for gila monsters and rattlesnakes. It is country that appears hot even in below freezing weather. Forbidding land - rough, raw, rasping and rugged. It was the proper habitat for the Apache, the meanest and most treacherous of Indians. They would bury a person alive in a sand mound, cut off their eyelids, scalp the victim, and gleefully watch the pour soul bake in the Arizona sun. Well, "whatever turns you on," as Geronimo would say.

You had to be tough to survive in those environs. Hot scorching summers and cold winters, red rock and violence, cactus and conflict was the lot of the early American. However, worth the trip just to ride with them. the Arizona that one sees from the floor of the hot valleys is quite a bit different from the high plateaus and canyons that grace the high country. Wild flowers and greenery, pine trees

and running streams wind their way down among the rocks and gullies, sustaining a proliferation of green growth and shrubbery. These are the areas where the Chiricahua Indians had their villages, high in the beautiful valleys, thousands of feet up from the floor of the desert. High above where most people might contemplate hiking or riding, is where you have to go if you want to hunt the famous Coues, the small mountain white-tailed deer who choose the desert mountains and red rock canvons as their home.

The Coues deer, graceful and elusive, is a small sub-species of the white-tailed deer family. The Coues buck, with the delicate face and small graceful horns, secrets himself among the mescal bush, yucca soap tree, and prickly pear cactus.

Marvin Glenn, his son Warren, and grandson Cody are Arizona ranchers who specialize in assisting hunters in pursuit of the Coues deer and other game including the elusive Arizona mountain lion. Guides par-excellence, they are in fact so good, you have to be recommended by someone before you can hunt with them. If accepted, you'll find that the Glenns are some of the finest people you could ever meet westerners with all the grace and decency you would like to see in everyone, but find in so few. It was

We set up a base camp at the foot of the mountains we were to climb. My hunting partners were Don Carper and Glen Combs. We were comfortably stashed in an eight-man canvas tent with cots and a heater - high on the hog camping! The Glenns had a



Arizona cactus greets a colorful, bright new day

cook trailer parked nearby where Mary Glenn's wife fixed two hot meals a day. You don't start eating with the Glenns until grace is said, and the way Mrs. Glenn cooks you should thank the Lord you're alive and have taste buds. Nothing fancy, but great Mexican food: Homemade tamales wrapped in corn husks and plenty of homemade chili sauce of fresh tomatoes, onions and diced peppers; lots of frijoles, the hunter's dessert, the protein of the primate, the soul of the Nimrod.

It was darker than the inside of a witch's hat as we finished our breakfast of eggs, pancakes, sausage, bacon and beans. Just as the glow of first light split the darkness, we swung into our saddles and headed up the canyons to the ridges. The morning was cold and the down jacket felt good over my wool shirt. The clean smell of the high desert was scintillating. The air was sweet to the lungs and each breath seemed to purge the flat land fumes while washing clean the senses. Somehow I feel much more alive, more aware of the world around me. On horseback I am always reminded that horses and mules mix their aroma into the atmosphere with pungent effectiveness. It is a unique perfume; mix horse and leather, add mesquite, sage and fresh air and then chill. It is a memorable aroma to a hunter.

We serpentined our way up the side of the mountains, picking our way through barrel cactus, yucca and Spanish dagger, ever upwards along the ridges and slopes. Every so often we would have to bust our way through groves of dense buck brush and manzanita, through stands of mountain mahogany and blackjack oak. You had to be very careful where you placed your posterior when stopping to scope the landscape - fish hook and pin cushion cactus were everywhere.

After about an hour's ride, we tied our mounts among a small stand of ponderosa and slowly climbed upwards to the ridge. Marv and Warren

continued



Glen Combs and Don Carper scoping a hill.

Don Carper and friend.

looked carefully over the lip of the ridge and then moved slowly to the other side. They squatted Indian style and proceeded to scope the far side of the canyon. We did the same. After a while, Marv looked at me and whispered: "Don't see much." Then as an afterthought — "Arizonans have been hunting the Coues deer too heavily, the population isn't what it used to be. We could use much better management on the Coues and fewer hunting days." I thought to myself, here are people who make their living hunting the Coues and they want a shorter season? Not all guides, it seems are indifferent to the resource. The Glenns have a proper concern over the health of the species.

We sat there for over an hour scanning the awesome panorama that unfolded before us. The beauty of the scenery kept infringing upon my concentration in looking for deer. I wish everyone could experience the visual thrill of the morning's early light as it bathes the side of a southwest range of mountains. The early morning col-



ors are too intense to describe. Imagine deep, rich, dark purple shadows cutting swaths across the reddish ochre earth. The colors seem iridescent and alive, reflecting the intensity of the morning sun. The contrasts are spectacular accenting each color against another: olive green emery oak next to a swatch of gamma grass, interspaced with patches of blue gray sage; bursts of fall yellows against the sienna browns of rock faces slashes, blue-black crevices in the giant

masses of boulders that stack their way skyward punctuated by stands of green Douglas fir. Your eyes move from one color spectacular to another only to find that when your gaze returns to the landscape you have just obscured your find — it has already changed with the ascending sun. The colors become more subtle, more subdued. Pastels replace the vibrant extremes of early morning, the down

continued

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July/August GO 1983

Warner Glenn, ready to move out.



jacket is less comfortable as the warm sun soaks into the camouflage covered goose feathers.

The silence is broken by Warner's movement. "Nothing here. Let's try the next ridge." Once again into the saddle and down into the canvons. picking our way through the unfriendly cactus that abounds. With the afternoon producing no more than the morning's moving about upon the ridge, we decided to split up. Cody, Glenn and I went one way while the rest took off in another direction, hoping we might spook some deer in each other's direction. No luck. Finally, late in the day as the shadows started to lengthen over the western peaks, Glenn spotted a buck and dropped him. Except for a few does, I hadn't seen a deer all day and my luck persisted into the following day.

The hunt was only three days long and after the first two days I had collected a sore backside, a lattice of scratched legs and arms, and a score of small puncture wounds from a cavalier disregard of the almighty cactus. The big ones I avoided, but those little buggers found me time and time again. Word to the wise: if you plan to hunt in Arizona, a pair of tweezers in the knapsack is a shrewd idea. My shins looked like a New York road map. It is easy to see why southwest cowboys wore leather chaps — legs come out second best to mesquite and cactus.

The second day, Don Carper scored on a running shot. Coues deer don't wait around and give you those picture-book shots. Usually all you see is a streaking white-tailed fanny disappearing over a far hill. This was not his first Coues deer; Don's trophy wall already sports two fine Coues heads. I felt my chances of getting a Coues were getting slimmer by the minute. It began to look like my only trophy would be a photo of my scarred shins to hang on the wall!

The following morning I had the distinction of being guided by both Marvin and Warner. Don and Glen already had their deer and chose to



Three generations of the Arizona Glenns; guides Warner, Marvin and Cody.

stay in camp and goof off. Once more I swung my leg up over the saddle and settled my aching bones into the leather. The ponderosas were black silhouettes as we cut our way up the mountains. No stopping this time, it was a solid three hour ride to the top ridges. Pockets of snow were spotted on the north slopes, every ridge showed evidence of the last storm. A stiff, cold wind cut across the ridges like needles of ice seeking out every opening in my jacket. I pulled my beat up cowboy hat down to the edge of my ears, stuffed my spare hand in my jacket and suffered it out. At the crest we stopped and tied up the horses to some gamble oak. Thank God I got a chance to walk for a change. Marv and I picked our way to the wind sheltered side of the snow covered crest and started to glass. Warner cut to the left and disappeared through the pines. About a half an hour later, he appeared on the ridge opposite to us and he was coming toward us at a fast pace.

Warner is one of those angular faced 6'4" string of powerful sinew and bones that marks a southwesterner. He could walk up and down mountains all day if he had a mind to, and at the time he was a "mind to." He wasn't even out of breath as he approached us. "Spotted two bucks over the next ridge," he said. "They're feeding at the edge of the pines. I'll try to work around and below them. If I spook them they might head around the ridge to the left and maybe you can get a shot at them."

Without a nod or another word, Warner turned and headed back around the mountain ridge. Marv motioned to me to follow and with an agility that belies his 70 plus years he rapidly began to traverse the mountain side so we could get into position. We halted at the saddle. The mountain top was only 500 yards away, and the deer, if still there, would be just on the other side.

"Get ready," Marvin whispered. I checked my 300 Winchester magnum and postured myself to cover the saddle and the mountain side to my right. I jacked a 180 grain Federal Premium factory load into the chamber. The 300 is a flat shooting wonder with a muzzle velocity of better than 3,000 F.P.S. At 200 yards it was sighted right on! It could be a tough shot if the bucks were moving fast. I would have to pick them up between the scattering of blackjack oak and mesquite that adorned the saddle.

We waited, then waited some more. I felt my legs stiffen and tried to flex so as to encourage circulation. It seemed like hours. Then the realities hit me that they could have spooked in any direction. Just as I had resigned myself to defeat, Marv and I spotted movement high above us. It was a Coues buck. He was headed our way

at a fast trot. Hot damn! I brought the rifle to my shoulder and waited: 400 yards, 300 yards, 250 yards. He stopped, right behind a thick patch of scrub oak, couldn't see him for sour apples. There, he started again faster this time. He smelled something fishy. I got a chance to see his rack and it was a good one for a Coues deer. In fact, it was a damn good one. The deer finally came out from behind the brush, only this time he was trotting at a far more aggressive pace.

"I'll stop him," whispered Marvin,
"I'll whistle!" He did, but the deer
didn't stop. This was one smart old
buck, that whistle goosed him into
galvanized action. I couldn't believe
my eyes. I was used to mule deer and
their bong-bong leaps, but this sucker
was stretching out like a greyhound
dog after a live rabbit. From 0 to 60
mph in 2 seconds flat. I cracked off a
reaction shot only to see dust explode
behind him.

"Lead him," shouted Marvin. By this time the buck was cascading down the mountain side like a bat out of Hades. I swung the gun through him and touched off as he came out from behind a tree. I saw him flinch and then turn on the after-burners. "You hit him!" exclaimed Marvin. We both took off at a run in the direction

the deer headed, straight down the steep side of the mountain. "Blood!" shouted Marvin. There it was, red tracks down the mountainside. "Hit him good, I would say," added the senior Glenn.

Flushed with apprehension, we followed the crimson trail down the mountain. Two hundred yards later, we found him dead to the world, his body stopped by a scrub oak. Believe it or not, I hit him in the heart at about 220 yards — one of the luckiest shots I've ever made. Warner soon joined us, and we proceeded to keep the Kodak Company in business with the wealth of pictures taken.

The trip down the side of the mountain was precipitous and fast. Several puncture wounds and scratches later we arrived at the bottom of the gorge. We followed the creek bed to the bottom. At one point we had to jump the horses down a dry waterfall. It was about a four or five foot jump downwards onto the rocks. Needless to say, I let my horse do a solo, as did the Glenns. I had my Coues deer and a fabulous hunt. Now I was half way through my "poor man's grand slam." I had a trophy mule and now a trophy Coues deer. My cup runneth over.

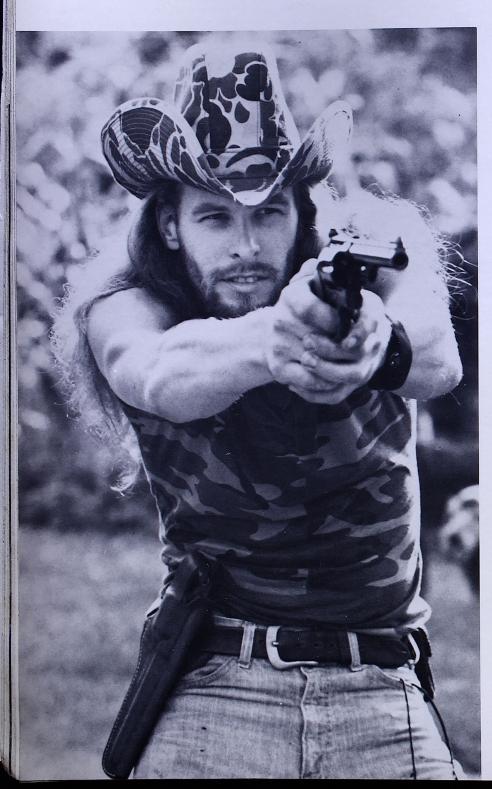




TED NUGENT: MOTOR CITY MARKSMAN

Anti-drug rocker or displaced frontiersman?

By D. ENLOE HANSON



A longtime friend of Ted Nugent once said that Ted could probably "... out run, out jump, out track, out hunt, out fight, out cuss and out brag Davey Crockett, Daniel Boone or any of them frontier dudes." Having never seen any of "them frontier dudes", there's no way to make a comparison, but after being with him for two days, listening to hours and hours of the interview tapes and his hard rock music, watching him shoot, and then reading pages and pages of bio material, I would not only put my money on Nugent, I might even give odds!

Ted deals with the problems that come along in life in the same way the frontiersmen had to; for himself, and right now. His trail-blazing ways seem out of time's rhythm and hard to understand in today's space-age life, but he makes them work with resolve, and the enormous skill he brings into the wilderness, to a Grand Prix auto race or on stage in a rock concert.

The arena for any Ted Nugent concert is always jammed and the audience pre-heated by a warm-up band before Nugent and his group take the stage. Caught up in the color, the lights and noise, their screams become a deafening crescendo as Ted swings out over them clinging to a rope, clad in a Tarzanlike loin cloth. On other occasions he might open by shooting arrows into flaming skulls. On any occasion, the crowd can expect excitement, lots of ear-splitting noise and a lot of hard, "git down" rock and roll music. Frequently he has opened shows by asking, "Anyone in here wanna get high?" Those who respond in the affirmative are then

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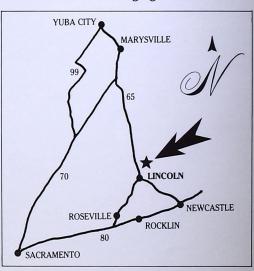
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For more information call: Jim Crow 916-483-5151 Ron Giles 916-442-3030 told to "Get the bleep outta here, 'cause we're just gonna play good old fashioned rock and roll!" As the massive roar of approval cascades across the stage, the concert begins. As if wired by the mountainous banks of amplifiers, Nugent is charged with a high-voltage energy that sends him, long hair flying, into a whirlwind of acrobatic gyrations and leaps, earning him the reputation of being an unparalleled showman.

Sometimes he'll mention a "wise guy down here in front that keeps buggin' me," and adds, "If he doesn't quit, I'm gonna have to go down there and talk to him!" The heckler, on this occasion, continued his disruptive antics and four or five bars into the next song, spat towards Nugent. That tore it. Glaring at his tormentor, Ted turned, carefully laid his guitar down and started walking toward the front of the stage. One by one, the rest of the band stopped playing and the music awkwardly whined down to an ominous silence. In a backstage office, the band's manager muttered, "Oh no." He knew what was about to happen. Now in full gallop, Nugent charged to the edge of the stage and swan-dived twelve rows into the audience and began teaching the rowdy some manners. Policemen quickly arrived, sparing the heckler a serious thrashing and then hustled him to the nearest exit. Ted returned to his guitar and the concert resumed to wild and loving applause.

Not always is it Nugent's anti-drugs and alcohol views that irk many rock and roll fans, it's also the pro-American views that appear in the lurics of many of his songs. The song "Bound and Gagged" expressed Nugent's patriotism quite clearly. " . . . they kidnap our advisors, they kill our leaders, they burn our flag. Now just who do they think they are? Who do they think they're messin' with anyhow? Just who!?" In another verse, Nugent sings, "I think we've had enough. Yes, I think we're fed up with all that sh-! We've had enough! We refuse to stay - bound and gagged!"

Despite his detractors, Ted Nugent has become a giant in the rock and roll industry. By 1978, three years after signing with Epic Records, he had racked up five platinum albums and was playing before SRO crowds all over the country. Not once has he wavered in his uncompromising stand against drugs and alcohol despite frequent pressure from broadcast and record people. Praised as one of the

very best guitar players in rock history, his music serves as a thunderous exclamation point to his pro-America message. Sixteen mllion record sales indicate that there are more than a few young people listening!

Conspicuously contemptuous of anything unhealthy or "sicko," Ted is vehement in his opinions of what should be done about America's deplorable crime problem. "Take 'em out of the gene pool," he says bluntly.

gets out — on some damn technicality — and then kills some kid, I think the father of the little girl who's been killed and raped has a right to off the sonofabitch. Period!"

Before turning to more pleasant subjects, Ted voiced his endorsement of programs to arm women and businessmen as well as any citizen concerned with his own safety and the safety of his family and property. He stressed the importance of training,



Another shot, another bird

knees because of crime. I believe this country has become a serious wimp when it comes to dealing with what's right or wrong. And it's a bleeping pity!" What about solutions? "The answer," he began, "rests in the hands of our judicial process. When a heinous, violent crime can go unreprimanded, we can see the nucleus of the social disease that crime has become in this country. It seems so damn easy to me to draw the line between the victim and the bleep bleep criminal, standing over him with a bloody knife, or a club, or a smoking gun in his hand. When they are convicted, eliminate their genes from the pool! I'm not interested in deterrents, I'm not interested in who's rootin' for 'em. Fry 'em! Now! Not after years of appeals. Just bleepin fry 'em! What we've got now is a society full of criminals and deficient individuals. Y'can't win with the s.o.b.s and I don't care whether we got room for 'em, it just infuriates me to watch them come out and do their crimes again and again. It's inhuman." Summarizing his feelings, Nugent said, "When the guy

"The very fibre of our society is on its

emphasizing respects for guns and safety rules in the handling of all firearms. Considering the judicial system's failure to deal with crime, Nugent feels that Americans have no choice but to fend for themselves against the criminal violence in this country.

Entered in the Long Beach Toyota Grand Prix, Nugent was quartered in the one-time ocean liner, the Queen Mary, now an elegant hotel. The dinner menu in the Queen Mary's dining room didn't include any game food, so Nugent settled for platters of shrimp and oyster. We talked about food and, as one might expect, Ted's favorite meals are those that he prepares himself which consist of food that is either grown or killed on his property in Michigan. His freezers are always stocked with twenty to twenty-five different kinds of game meat and his smokehouse is used regularly. He has no favorite game dish, claiming that any game, "properly prepared" can be delicious. Eating game is highly enjoyable to him, but going out and getting it is what it's all about for Ted

One cold, gray morning in Alaska. 1977, Ted and a hunting party had just finished breakfast when the silence was suddenly broken by the urgent cry, "LOOK OUT!" Exploding out of the brush, just twenty feet behind him, a snarling black bear headed straight for Nugent. Whirling as he drew his .44 magnum, Nugent opened fire. One and a half seconds and three shots later, the bear lav dead at the rock and roller's feet, two slugs in his chest and one in his throat. The incident seemed to verify a comment made by one of Ted's old hunting buddies who once said, "Nugent isn't a hunter. He's a killer. Hunters are guys who go out in the woods and come back with stories. Killers come back with the meat."

A born shooter with almost any kind of weapon, Ted began "bringing home the meat" when he was just eight years old. His weapon then was a Wrist-Rocket slingshot and his first kill was a squirrel, nailed with a marble, of all things. But it was dropping a bird in flight with his slingshot that started the Ted Nugent legend — and, in my opinion, it is indeed a legend.

In addition to Alaska, Africa, Canada, Great Britain, Mexico and his native state of Michigan, Nugent has hunted in Colorado, Wyoming, New Mexico, Texas, Arizona, California and Montana. It was in Montana, a couple of years ago, where Ted beaded down on a Pronghorn Antelope, 650 yards away, while his guide was probably thinking what a jerk this "hippie guitar player" was for even thinking about shooting at something that far away. When the animal fell, the guide blinked in disbelief. Before he could say "Holy Jackrabbit!", three of 'em jumped out of the brush right in front of the hunters. The guide's disbelief turned to total discombobulation when Ted flashed his .44 from its holster and dropped the trio of rabbits with three rapid-fire hip shots. "Well I'll be damned!" muttered the man from Montana. "Where in hell did a midwestern boy like you learn to shoot like that?"

There's no answer to that question, of course. Shooting flows from Ted Nugent like his breathing. It's natural and cannot be taught. The owner of a Michigan game preserve couldn't believe his eyes when he saw Nugent kill a boar with that S&W Model 29, 6½" barrel, .44 magnum with a shot right

continued

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Nugent shooting a 3½" group at 25 yards.

through the heart — at 250 yards! Nugent once nailed a wild dog from a running horse, and outside Lubbock, Texas, he killed a prairie dog at 200 yards. Nugent himself could hardly believe that one. The men with him couldn't even see what Ted was shooting at!

Russ Bengel, former mayor of Jackson, Michigan, has been hunting for over seventy years. "I used to hunt with professional marksmen back in the '30s and '40s" Bengel said, "when Remington and Winchester hired 'em to put on exhibitions. But I have never seen anybody shoot like Ted."

Nugent's accuracy with handguns and rifles is startling. He is just as deadly with a shotgun. There were moments of doubt, however, just last year at the Goose Hill Gun Club in Ione, California. Nugent joined State Senator H.L. Richardson, Sam Paredes of Gun Owners and one of the club's owners, Mike DeChambeau for a go at some chukars. After missing everything with the Senator's prized Browning over and under, Ted's reputation as a shooter sagged a little in the minds of his companions. Frus-

trated, Ted said, "Will somebody give me a pump!" Sam, using an inexpensive, utility 12-gauge, handed it to Ted who promptly dropped the next four in a row with just four shots. Sam glanced at Richardson and then at Mike. "Yeah," he said softly, "we got a shooter."

Moving on to a flighted mallard program, one of the more exciting types of duck hunting, the party moved uphill into a position where they would be in the flight path of the birds as they flew down to the pond below. Although this type of shooting is great fun, it is considerably more difficult than hunting in the wild and was made even more difficult by the trees that made it impossible to get more than a three or four second glimpse of the mallards as they flew over. It was agreed that the first man to spot a bird would signal, "Bird coming!" to alert the others. The degree of difficulty, perhaps frustrating to the easily discouraged shooter, only inspired Nugent. His seven shots knocked down five mallards. After the hunt, Ted was asked if he enjoyed that type of shooting. Schedule permitting, Nugent is always ready for any kind of bird shooting. He grinned and replied, "Hell yes," and then, glancing at Sam's gun, added, "Just put a pump in my hands and point me toward the birds!"

Nugent has had a lot of good days before and after the Goose Hill shoot, once getting five Ruffed Grouse with five shots in a row. His best ever, however, was the day he went nineteen for nineteen on Woodcock.

Born in 1948 in Detroit, Michigan, Ted was raised in Redford Township and today lives on his own four hundred acre farm in southern Michigan. Nugent lives with his two children, Sasha, nine years old, and Toby, six. Both children hunt and shoot and are carefully and patiently trained by Nugent to be both safe and respectful of firearms. Sasha recently brought down a record whitetail deer on a hunting trip to Texas and although she thought it was "Oh, gross!" to find the deer still alive, was mature enough to finish the job.

Toby and Sasha are more important to Ted than anything else in the world and are the main reason he has

Good-natured Toby laughs at a bit of dad's humor.



the farm — so he can be with them as much as possible, and in a healthy, natural environment. Teaching the children about nature, his love and respect for it, the three Nugents will often sit and watch the reflection of a sunset on Heaven's Pond, each with their own thoughts about life and the wondrous beauty of nature. By sharing his reverence of the outdoors with them, Ted hopes to give them something so special that they will never, ever, have to consider anything else to get "high" on. Ted will do no concert tours this year, choosing instead to "stay with the kids." Their mother was killed in an automobile accident late last year and Ted feels that he wants to "make an attempt to fill that hole." With a completely equipped recording studio on the farm, he and the members of his band will record their next album "at

Rising each morning before daybreak to "get things organized," Nu-

"Paco is my best friend in the whole world"

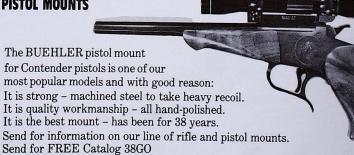


gent will breakfast on toast and juice and then see his kids off to school. Sometimes he'll take his setters and go out to check his traps. Or, in season, he and the dogs will go partridge hunting. "There's nothing in this world I like to hunt better than partridge. I know I've only got a short history with partridge, but I'll compare my bag with anybody's, especially when I'm with ol' Paco, my twelve year old setter. He's my best friend in the whole world." As intense as his

master, Paco once brought down a wounded buck for Ted by jumping on the deer's back! With Paco's equally fierce offspring, Popeye and Pinecone, Ted and his dogs make a truly fearsome foursome.

Life is very good for Ted Nugent, but it wasn't always that way. He's paid his dues with cops, cars, and a wounded Cape Buffalo in Africa. But that's a story for Gun Owner's next edition.





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Hunting

By HARRY SANFORD



A sharp-eyed look at some sharp-edged choices

A good knife is a valuable tool to the sportsman, yet the vast world of knives is often found confusing to the hunter. Today's cutlery manufacturer's produce sophisticated varieties, shapes, and lengths of hunter's knives with two basic styles available: custom (or bench made) and production knives. As the name suggests, the price tag for custom knives can range from fifty to five thousand dollars; and frequently the custom knife makers are artistic masters and their products are for the collectors' shelves rather than for the average hunter. If you are in the market for a custom-made knife, locate one of the "old masters" who are semi-production oriented. Another alternative would be one of the newer craftsmen, whose products are well made, but do not bear the collector's item price.

Most hunters prefer "utilitarian" knives rather than one of the more expensive collectables. These sportsmen frequently ask which steel is best for a hunting knife; tool steel or stainless, forged, or cut from bar stock? I personally consider modern stainless steel, 154CM or 440 C to be the most efficient. Stainless 154CM is a very ductile steel, and is also stain resistant while offering excellent edge holding qualities. On the other hand, tool steel, or high carbon steel will maintain its edge more effectively, but stains very easily and will break sooner because it is not as ductile. An important point to remember is that the harder a knife blade, the harder it is to sharpen. One very popular production line of knives is so hard that it requires a large grinding wheel to sharpen them. Unfortunately, this is not very convenient when a hunter is in the field!

In times past, the crafting of knives was considered an art and accomplished only by the highly skilled blacksmith, who shaped such handmade cutlery in a forge. One story is of such a skilled blacksmith who created his masterpieces only in the full

three inches in length, preferably made of 154CM or 440C steel and a micarta handle. A blade lock is not necessarily a must. For skinning purposes, a knife with a good wide blade (three-quarters of an inch) is most beneficial. A folder should have a



of the moonlight. It is told that the color would show up better under the moon, enabling him to obtain just the right hardness.

Today, this process is extremely sophisticated. Knives are stamped to shape, the shape refined, stress relieved, heat tested, and then upon completion, the final finish applied.

The mountain hunter spends a good many hours in rugged terrain. For hunting such as this, two knives should be carried. I suggest a folding knife and a sheath knife. Because of my person experience with folders, I recommend one as light as possible with a single blade approximately

spine or back with an approximate width of one-eighth of an inch. Select a folding knife with care because it will be used frequently.

Folders are easy to carry and handy to use. One might consider installing a "flip-it" device on your folding knife, which will prove to be valuable when only one hand is free. I have used a folder to skin hundreds of animals, and have found that it compliments a sheath knife very well.

In addition to skinning and preparing large animals after a hunt, the mountain hunter must consider a variety of circumstances when choosing a sheath knife. The possibility of becoming lost, injured, or caught by a storm or darkness may require him to use a sheath knife to chop and cut material for a shelter or kindling for a fire.

Contrary to most thinking on the subject it is for these reasons that I suggest a larger sheath knife than is usually recommended. I recommend a knife with a blade five to seven inches long and full tang for strength, a width of one inch or greater as well as a one-fourth inch stock. The specifications of the knives issued by the Army and Navy during World War II were very similar to what I have described.

As previously mentioned, my recommendations for knives are based on personal experience. For example, just prior to a pig hunt, I purchased a custom knife from the finest craftsman in the United States. While on this particular trip, I found myself in a deep canyon with a large boar I had killed. I took my beautifully contoured, custom skinning knife and attempted to cut down a sapling to use as a pole to carry the boar. Much to my surprise, with the first "whack!" the knife broke into ten pieces. You can well imagine my unhappiness! When I complained to the knifemaker, he replied, "You should have had an axe." Any experienced hunter knows the extra weight of an axe would be impractical at best, not to mention tiresome! I cannot stress the importance of a sturdy, dependable sheath knife, which should be carried in the pack while hunting. Such a large knife could be cumbersome and dangerous, carried on a belt.

The blade is naturally the most valuable aspect of a knife, and it is important to consider the overall quality of the blade when purchasing ei-

ther a sheath or folding knife. No matter the knife's design, it must maintain a sharp edge, as well as its contour and balance.

Once the knife selection has been made, special care and attention must be paid to its maintenance. A knife that has been properly heat treated during production should never break. However, a knife should never be used as a tool to pry. Do not abuse a fine piece of equipment unnecessarily.

Finally, and perhaps the most important part of caring for a knife is keeping the blade sharp. Whether it be a stone, a piece of horn, or a fine steel knife — it is worthless if it's dull.

A large book could be filled relating to all the aspects of sharpening a knife, so I will merely outline the most important points to remember. The knife should be held at a 22 degree angle to the stone and should first be drawn towards yourself then away from yourself, from point to cutout. After the first stroke, reverse the

knife and repeat the same action from left to right. Repeat this process, alternating sides from ten to fifteen times, and check the edge of the blade. paying particular attention to the areas which are less sharp. Use as much pressure as possible, and do not rock the stone, but place it in a vice if available. If the knife is extremely dull, it is best to start the process with a coarse stone, followed by a softer Arkansas stone. I personally suggest an Arkansas Surgical Blade Stone for the finishing touches on the edge. While in the field, always carry a soft stone, for a few swipes across the stone will keep the edge up. While in camp, honing oil should be applied to the stone, and when cleaning the stone, a tooth brush and kerosene should be used.

A good knife that is properly maintained will last a lifetime of hunting. Enjoy your knives!





Guns

By MIKE DALTON

Hoag Longslide
— the master's masterpiece

This issue's "Super .45s of the 80s" will feature the Hoag Longslide. Before outlining the technical data on the pistol, I would like to concentrate on Jim Hoag's career as a sportsman and innovator.

A master gunsmith for many years before the 1973 opening of his own shop in Canoga Park, California, Jim pioneered a variety of custom parts. The list includes high visibility fixed sights, wide grip safeties, and a speed



Bar-Sto match barrel and full length recoil spring rod.



Extended sight radius improves long range shooting.

IKE DALTON

Jim was involved in the Southwest Pistol League during the formative years of the sport of practical pistol competition. This experience led to his keen insight in the development of very accurate custom .45 auto pistols which require 100 percent reliabilty. Jim won the 1968 "B" class championship and is the only gunsmith to obtain an "A" classification in the Southwest Pistol League. Today there are other "A" class shooters that are also top gunsmiths, but Jim is the only one in Southern California. Following such impressive accomplishments he ended his competitive career in 1973 to devote his efforts to building a successful gunsmithing business.

safety for the Browning Hi-Power.

Before Jim stopped competing, he had formulated an idea to build a .45 auto that would have a better balance and feel than the standard 5" length version. Even though he was an excellent shot with the standard model, he felt the firearm could be improved. He envisioned fashioning a piece of steel and integrating it with the existing slide to increase the slide's overall length. This was a challenge he could not resist.

Jim took the extension piece and machined it to its near finished shape and then heliarced it to the front of the slide. He then had it normalized and match machined to the exact dimensions and contour of the original slide. The end result of this makes it very difficult to see where the original slide ends and the extension piece begins.

Jim uses Bar-Sto Stainless barrels in all his match-grade pistols as he feels they are very accurate while maintaining both durability and excellent quality control. The longslide receives his master grade accuracy job which includes complete fitting of the frame, slide rails and complete precision barrel fit. The pistol is also "ramped" and "throated" to insure reliable feeding of semi-wadcutter and any other configuration of .45 bullets.

One of Jim's best known trademarks is his impeccable "checkering" and the longslide receives the full treatment. The front strap, mainspring housing, trigger guard and rear of the slide are

reshaped. The rear of the slide is "checkered" to eliminate the glare which often distracts a shooter's concentration on bright days. Once seen, it is easy to understand why Hoag's checkering is the standard by which all others are judged.

Another Hoag trademark is the fashion in which Jim buries a Bo-Mar adjustable rear sight into the slide. It is installed so deeply into the slide that the top of the slide must be machined flat in order to remove it from the sight picture. One impressive by-product of the longslide pistol is the increased sight radius which permits more accurate shooting. Jim uses an "improved ramp" front sight blade that he custom machines himself. This is a blade that is not fully ramped to the tip of the sight, with approximately half of it left untouched. This gives the advantage of a non-snag ramp front sight with a better ability to resist glare than the standard full ramp

All of Hoag's master grade guns incorporate his custom spring guide rod. This device serves a number of purposes, but primarily it allows for a one unit "take-down" process. In other words, the slide assembly can be removed without disturbing the spring and spring guide which stay in place within the slide. Jim developed this system because he frequently builds a longslide unit and a standard slide unit for the same frame (in effect two guns in one). The one piece take-down process prevents the owner from confusing or accidentally switching custom matched and fitted parts from one slide to the other. Because of Jim's ingenuity, the pistol converts from standard to longslide or vice-versa in virtually seconds. The spring guide's secondary function is to increase the efficiency of the spring and to prevent coil bind during the recoil

From 1974 to 1977, Jim produced numerous longslides for his customers and even made a number of 8" models for collectors of unusual pistols. In 1978 practical shooters began to expose Jim's guns to the competition circuit, and in 1979 Ron Lerch of Saugus, California, won the Bianchi Cup Pistol Tournament with a Hoag Longslide.

The orders soon began to flow into Jim's shop, and in 1980, Mickey Fowler accomplished another Bianchi Cup Victory with a longslide. Coupled with Lerch's win, the shooters scrambled to order the new, coveted longslide, and Jim was soon backlogged for over a year.

Competition shooters found these guns well suited for "Bianchi type" shooting (primarily, mid-range targets within short but manageable time limits). Its overall weight, good balance, sight radius, and comfort of shooting made it very popular. "It is a specialized piece of equipment," says Jim Hoag. "The shooter must like its characteristics."

The longslide is very accurate indeed, as sub 3" groups at 50 yards are common and with proper ammunition they will do better than two inches at the same distance. The gun handles very well and has the necessary attributes to serve a variety of services, from recreational target shooting to the art of competition. The Hoag Longslide is an excellent blend of craftsmanship and utility, and for \$1,230 it can be built into the customers gun. Jim Hoag's address is: 8523 Canoga Avenue, Canoga Park, CA 91304 (213) 998-1510.

Next month I'll examine the Super .45's known as the Plaxco Compensator and the Wilson Accu-comp.







Lengthened profile provides steadier hold on target.



Hoag checkering; "The standard by which all others are judged."



Bo-mar sight deeply melded into slide.



Author notes reduced felt recoil.



TROPHY TUSKER

Patience, experience and a prize pig payoff

By CHUCK ADAMS

The gloomy day hung heavily around my ears, occasional puffs of fog swirling listlessly over low, brushy ridgetops between the twisted fingers of oaks. I tugged my old stocking cap tightly over my ears, shivering slightly as the damp cold weaseled between fibers of my heavy wool coat. It was a typical winter day in northern California — a day to be relaxing by the fireplace with a good book or a hot buttered rum.

I sighed, wiped my runny nose, and lifted the glasses to sweep the countryside once more. The rum would have to wait. Somewhere nearby, a grizzled old hog was lurking in the undergrowth or hunkering tightly in some well-protected nest. I had seen the compact devil twice before during the past three weeks - once as he walked across a distant opening, and once as he fed toward me at point-blank range. Both encounters had been extremely brief, the hog drifting away like a banshee ghost in the super-heavy brush. However, a crystal-clear picture of the pig was stamped indelibly in my brain, his massive scimitar tusks flashing against heavy, powerful jowls as he swaggered through his domain. This was the animal of a lifetime, a bonafide pig-hunter's dream.

I have a definite weakness for hunting wild boar, a weakness intensified by years of stalking hogs in my native California. The Golden State, like the Deep South and parts of the Southwest, has the dense foliage and pleasant year-round climate necessary for wild hogs to survive and prosper. When I say "pleasant climate" I don't mean 365 days of warm sunshine and gentle tropical breezes - I mean temperatures mainly above freezing in the winter and relatively balmy in the spring, summer, and fall. Hogs abound in California, which offers a generous legal bag limit of one pig per day throughout the year and an annual state pig harvest on a par with the annual deer harvest of 25 to 30,000 animals. Wild boar live in many American states, but there is no environment more ideal than the foothills of northern California.

As near as I can figure, I've taken between 200 and 250 wild hogs in California over the past 15 years, and I've looked at literally thousands of animals on the hoof as well as on the meat pole. The grizzly boar I was after was truly a standout hog among all the animals I had seen, sporting long. massive tusks in the three-inch class with large, protruding upper teeth to match. I've shot a few other boars



daily search for food.

with tusks as good, but this particular hog had the two-tone, frosted-gray hair typical of a pure European wild boar. Many of the wild hogs in California and elsewhere are offspring of domestics gone wild — fine trophies, but colored with the conventional domestic hog hues of black, white, red, or brown. By contrast, a few hogs in a few isolated parts of the country are descended from European stock introduced at one time or another by sportsmen's groups — hogs with the unique multi-hued, silvertip hair of a true wild boar. Anyone in the know about wild pigs prizes an animal with grizzled hair as well as oversized tusks prizes it because it is a relatively rare combination of traits. As a result, I had decided to camp on this big boar's doorstep until I dropped him in

Gray thunderheads around me darkened perceptibly as I slipped along ridgetops in the area, and soon the big, cold raindrops of a serious

storm began pelting the countryside in earnest. I groaned and turned my back to the wind, slogging to the pickup and motoring out of the slippery foothills. Wild boars hunt holes during the rain, making them all but impossible to find. I'd have to try again another day.

The wild hog is a nearsighted, lowstanding critter with a firm, compact body and no neck to speak of. The pig is among nature's most intelligent animals, but his poor eyesight and lowlevel view of the world make him an extremely stalkable trophy for the cat-footed hunter. A hog's primary defense mechanism is his nose, which is unexcelled for keenness in the animal world. His ears are fairly good, but the hunter's main concern should be keeping on the downwind side of animals at all times. I've seen wild pigs thunder off like racehorses ¾ of a mile away when the wind fanned the back of my neck, and I've seen them swap ends in pure panic after they sniffed a trail I had walked along four or five hours before. Wild hogs may not be the toughest animals to hunt, but they surely have a sensitive nose for danger.

I have a weakness for wild hogs because they are abundant where I live and because a truly top-notch boar makes an absolutely breathtaking trophy. I also like the wild boar's typical habitat — a patchwork quilt of deep, brush-choked canyons and semi-open, tree-and-grass-covered ridgelines. A hunter who likes to walk can cruise ridgetops all day long in search of pigs, glassing draws for telltale movements, listening for the low grunts and snuffles of actively feeding hogs, and sniffing the air for the peculiar barnyard smell of these unique game animals. Like most short-sighted animals, pigs prefer dense cover during early-morning and late-evening feeding periods. Pigs are up and down throughout the day in the heavy brush, and a dedicated hunter with patience and good binoculars can locate them at any time of day unless heavy rainfall spoils the scene. The trick after that is somehow

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sneaking in close from the downwind

Sometime during the night the winter storm moved away, leaving behind a thoroughly drenched countryside turning ice-cold beneath a black, starstudded sky. At 4 a.m. I peeked out the window, then hastily pulled on my wool-plaid hunting clothes and nosed the pickup into the hills once more. At daylight I was easing into the edge of the area where the old boar was hanging out — an area I knew well from several years of hunting hogs.

The center of hog activity here is Drift Fence Canyon, a large V-shaped draw with numerous side ravines fanning away like filaments in a giant cobweb. The topography creates dozens of square miles of surface area ideal for pigs to roam. The year-round creek provides the moisture and coolness that porkers require, the grassy, oak-studded ridgetops have tender roots, subterranean grubs and bugs, and abundant acorns for food, and the manzanita-choked draws allow total concealment plus shelter from wind, rain, and the midday summer sun. This is hog heaven for sure — an area littered with the boxy tracks of pigs, their compact piles of dung, and numerous rooting marks where the animals had rototilled the soil with their tough, scoop-shovel noses in a diligent search for food.

The last star blinked out, the east quickly brightened, and soon the sun chinned itself over distant purple mountaintops. I counted a dozen pigs during the next 30 minutes — animals from 200 to 1000 yards away in various parts of the canyon. I'd seen the grizzled boar both times near the head of a major side ravine, and after identifying all the pigs in sight as sows or piglets, I hoofed it across a ridgetop, around the head of a tiny draw, and over the elbow of another ridge. The pigs would be out in force today, stuffing their empty gullets and soaking up the weak but pleasant rays. With luck, I just might spot my hog.

Wild pigs are extremely territorial animals, seldom straying outside a home range covering only three or

four square miles. The boars are generally loners by nature, and travel more than sows in a never-ending search for females in heat. You can never predict exactly where a big old boar is likely to be, but he'll be somewhere within his home range, either eating, sleeping, breeding, or fighting with rival boars. He leads an uncomplicated life, his movements motivated by these simple, inbred animal urges. A pig hunter who locates feeding grounds from rooting marks in the soil, sleeping grounds from washtubsized beds in heavy cover, and regularly-used, hoof-hammered trails in between, will have a solid handle on success. If he frequents such an area with eyes peeled for pigs, ears pricked for the sounds of feeding grunts and fighting squeals, and nose tuned to the pungent odor of hogs, he'll eventually see most of the animals in the area. Locating a particular boar might not be a snap, but the animal will make his rounds and cover some open ground in the process.

A major key to hunting wild boar is finding an area to stalk these animals in the first place. No matter what part of the country a hunter wishes to try, the bulk of wild boar seem to reside on private property. A fellow who lives in the heart of hog country can generally develop contacts with landowners and end up pig hunting for free or for a minimal access fee. Many ranchers and farmers actually prefer that their wild-hog populations be actively trimmed to prevent undue damage to the landscape. A pig population of ten per square mile — which is par for the course in many top-notch hog areas — is about the max the range can handle without major erosion problems and badly trampled creekbanks and springs. Even half this density of pigs is too much for some landowners, especially cattlemen and sheep ranchers who regard pigs as direct competition with their livestock. Ranchers seldom allow total strangers to hunt pigs on their land, but many are receptive to trespass queries by polite hunters they know in passing.

The majority of would-be pig hunters are unfortunately located too far from suitable habitat to develop hunting hot-spots. These nimrods can still enjoy first-class-hunting action, but

such action is generally arranged with a professional guide or encountered on one of several state or federal hoghunting areas open to the general shooting public. Of the two routes open to the average hunter, the guided option makes far more sense. One of the best pig-hunting statelands in California lies only 40 miles from my doorstep, but the area is hunted extremely hard and trophy pigs are almost unheard of there. By contrast, several large ranches in my area guide hunters for pigs with excellent results on trophy boars. I hunt private pig ground in my area without a guide because I've done my homework over the years, but if I had a desire to hunt pigs in another state like Texas or Florida, I would call the state fish and game department for help in locating a reputable guide.

As I reached the general area along Drift Fence Canyon where the grizzled old boar was most likely to be, I slowed to a turtle's pace, slipping along the brushy flank of a ridge with eyes peeled for game. I enjoy hunting pigs with both rifle and bow, but if push came to shove I'd can the firearm and stick with my trusty old "string gun." The boar I was after would already have been dead meat if I'd been carrying a flat-shooting rifle on the past few outings, but I was determined to take the hog by sneaking with my bow. Such a challenge could not be beat, and I knew that if I succeeded the big animal could be counted among my most prized trophy heads.

The sudden thunder of hooves in the brush below shocked me with pointed prickles of tense excitement. A second later I relaxed as a doe deer trotted into the clear across a tiny ravine, followed by another and another and another. I was turning to cut across the main ridge when a rock rolled loudly, barely 50 yards to my left. I casually swiveled my head, expecting another deer . . . and then dropped to my knees as if beaned by a baseball bat. A long string of hogs was trickling out of the brush along a trail directly in front of me. As I stared in utter surprise, a medium-sized black boar came charging out of the brush and past the rest of the pigs. And right on his curly tail was my huge old grizzled boar!

As quick as lightning, the monster let out an angry squeal and hit the black hog with his shoulder, slicing sideways with his massive tusks as the

smaller pig scrambled to get out of the way. Then, without breaking stride. the silvertip boar trotted back the way he had come and disappeared in a heavy thicket of brush. Meanwhile. hogs continued to file out in the open less than 50 yards in front of me.

I made like a rock, caught flatfooted on wide-open ground without so much as one tiny twig for cover. Thank goodness wild hogs have very poor eyesight! As my heart thudded like a trip-hammer at the exhilarating sight, I counted 16 pigs of assorted sizes and colors parade past me and out of sight over the ridgetop.

me for fully five minutes, and I began to wonder about the big boar's whereabouts. However, the female blocked any stalk toward the thicket where the big animal had disappeared. My mind flashed repeatedly on the last quick view I had had of the boar, and my pulse quickened at the thoughts. The hog was a whopper for sure, the twin tusks thrusting from his fat lower lips like ivory bayonets. The mental image made me shiver with sheer delight.

Suddenly, without warning, the sow turned uphill to follow the path of the



One sniff and the boar is gone!

I waited a minute, then inched forward a step at a time toward the place where the big boar had disappeared. I was barely 30 yards from the spot when the tips of pig ears suddenly flickered just below the roll of the hill. I hit the turf again, this time with a table-sized boulder for cover. As if on cue, a big hog walked into the open and stood broadside to gawk around.

Damn! The pig was jet black, and from its smooth belly I knew it was a sow. The porker easily weighed 200 pounds on the hoof — a prime piece of meat — but I didn't want a sow. The trophy boar was close by, and the odds were good he'd follow the sow into the open. Wild tuskers are constantly looking for receptive females, and I suspected this sow was holding the old boy's full attention.

The sow puttered around in front of

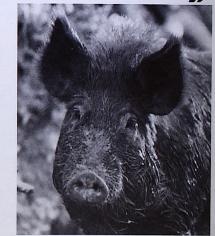
long-gone herd of 16 pigs. I followed her automatically with my eyes, and when she crested the ridge I swung my attention back to the left. With pure icewater shock, I found myself staring eye to eye with the huge old silvertip boar. He had seen me swing my head, and had me nailed for sure.

The animal gawked suspiciously over a thick, neoprene-tough snout through beady little eyeballs. His white, curving tusks thrust upward maliciously, meeting his upper tusks along their razor-sharp slicing edge. A thin filament of drool dropped slowly from the animal's shovel-shaped chin, glittering like quicksilver in the earlymorning light. As the string of slobber touched the dirt, the wary old porker whirled to run away, convinced that

something here was very, very wrong. A hog's eyesight may be poor, but inside 30 yards he knows a moving man when he sees one!

My old 70-pound compound bow snapped smoothly to full draw, and as the 20-yard sight pin touched the fleeing hog's rump I dumped the bowstring and hoped like hell the animal would keep going straight away. A split-instant later the 2219 Autumn Orange shaft smacked the animal squarely in the hip, and he put in the afterburners with a frightened, gurgling squeal. The boar tore dead away another 30 yards, cut to the right toward the ridgetop, swapped ends suddenly on rubbery legs - and pitched on his platter-like schnozzle in a sliding, completely lifeless heap. The razor-keen broadhead had sliced the femoral artery in the hip, penetrated the paunch, passed through the left lung, and lodged solidly in the animal's far shoulder. Elapsed time from hit to finish was considerably less than ten seconds.

Never mind the tedious field-caping and quartering chore, and never mind the three long hikes to the truck with hide, head, and meat. The old silvertip boar carried tusks right at three inches long from gumline to tip, making him every bit the prize he had promised to be on the hoof. I hope to take plenty of wild hogs in years to come, but I'll be hard pressed to match the silvertip boar of Drift Fence



'83 STEEL CHALLENGE REPORT

Californian Mickey Fowler tops nation's finest in a dazzling show

By SAM PAREDES

Considering the quality of past championships, shooting enthusiasts have come to expect the annual Steel Challenge to be nothing less than a shooting extravaganza. This year's version of the World Speed Shooting Championship truly fits that descrip-

The weather was beautiful, the atmosphere exciting and everything was very professional in appearance. The giant circus tent housing the sponsor and manufacturer's exhibits, the colorful flags and banners, which adorned the ranges and surrounding hilltops, all added to the electricity of the event. In just driving up to the range, whether a competitor or a spectator, the sight was enough to set the butterflies fluttering in the ol' boil-



Champ Fowler shows winning form.

On Thursday morning, Jameson Parker of CBS's hit series, "Simon and Simon", officially opened the event with a pronouncement of good luck, led the salute to Old Glory and fired the ceremonial opening shots. Then, to everyone's dismay, Parker received a message that his work schedule had been moved up and to report to the film studio. That squelched his hopes of shooting a few stages with his actor/producer friend, Jack Lucarelli, who had accompanied Jameson to the match. Despite the



Mike Dalton confers with TV star Jameson Parker

disappointment, the two men plan on entering next year's match as a celebrity team, schedules permitting.

Judging by the amount of interest and local television coverage the Steel Challenge matches have received, this reporter believes that it's only a matter of time before the event attracts the major sports coverage it deserves. This match, and others like the Bianchi Cup, have proven that high quality, competitive handgun shooting would make exciting and colorful television fare.

Sans networks and celebrities, the match nevertheless drew large numbers of top pistoleros from law enforcement and sport shooting ranks throughout the nation. When the smoke had cleared from Thursday and Friday's shooting, most of the

names in the top 32 came as no big surprise. California's Mickey Fowler won the "Colt Arms — Flying M" and the "Aimpoint USA — Outer Limits" stages, Rick Castelow of Tennessee won the "Sturm, Ruger & Co. -Speed Option" stage and Texan Chip McCormick won the "Devel Corporation — Double Trouble" and "Rogers Holsters — Five To Go" stages.

An indication of how close the competition was, is apparent in the total scores. The spread from 1st place to 32nd place was only 12.11 seconds. The spread between the top twenty shooters was 7.28 seconds, between the top ten it was 3.97 seconds and the top five were separated by a mere 1.71 seconds. Mickey Fowler eked

our a 1st place victory over John Shaw from Tennessee by a squeaky 24 hundredths of a second!

On Saturday, spectators and competitors alike were treated to an action display of horsemanship and shooting by the 1st U.S. Cavalry, F Troop, a fast draw shooting exhibition by world record holder, Bob Munden, and a trick-shooting shotgun show by John Satterwhite. There were also displays of early western wear and firearms. Following the entertainment, everyone settled in for the final event of the match — the "Fort Knox Security Safe - Team vs. Team" competition.

For this event, the top 32 shooters were divided into two-man teams to blaze away for extra cash and prizes. Reaching the finals, the team of Jeff Wasson of Texas and Tom Campbell from Massachusetts upset the odds-on favorites, Mickey Fowler and John Shaw for the victory.

The addition of the "Outer Limits" stage imposed a brutal test of speed and accuracy at ranges of forty yards, contributing to a considerable increase in the overall difficulty of the match. Rumor has it that SWPL Executive Director, Mike Fichman developed the idea as a result from a

A special thank you should be given to the folks who were primarily responsible for the tremendous success of the 1983 Steel Challenge — World Speed Shooting Championship. They are: Jack Breskovich, Mike Fichman, Nick Emmanouilides, Dale Hostetter, Mike Dalton, Jerry Chinn, Jeff Gehrke, Phil de Rose, Cal Day, Marilyn Dalton, Joanna Fichman and Paul

Overall Standings Score				
1.	Mickey Fowler, CA	73.97		
2.	John Shaw, TN	74.21		
3.	Brian Enos, AZ			
4.	Bill Wilson, AK	75.41		
5	Jim Zubiena, CA	75.54		
6	Miles Planes AP	75.68		
7	Mike Plaxco, AR	75.79		
7.	Nick Pruitt, CA	76.40		
8.	Rob Leatham, AZ	76.44		
9.	Chip McCormick, TX	76.44		
10.	Ray Neal, CA	77.94		
11.	Jeff Wassom, TX	78.12		
12.	Tom Campbell, MA	78.12		
13.	Jim Vaughn, CA	78.38		
14.	John Sayle, OH	78.62		
15.	Rick Castelow, TN	78.96		
16.	Mike Fichman, CA	79.31		
17.	John Dixon, TX	79.52		
18.	Mike Dalton, CA	80.67		
	Bill Rogers, FL	81.25		
	Lee Souter, AZ			
20.	Lee Joulei, AZ	81.57		

21. Ilan Fersht, CA 81.80 22. Paul Walker, CA 83.09 23. Bill Kuehl, CA 83.50 24. Ross Carter, AR 84.09 25. Jim Highley, OK 84.26 26. Jason Cole, AK 84.47 27. Stephen Knab, CA 84.95 28. Michael Johnson, GA 85.38 29. Jeff Nelsen, Guam 85.66 30. Stu Mullins, CA 86.05 31. Paul Miller, AZ 86.06 32. Mark Moore, GA 86.08 CANNON SAFE CO., 4-MAN TEAM AGGREGATE ISI/CAN-NON SAFE TEAM: MICKEY FOWLER, JIM ZUBIENA, MIKE FICHMAN, MIKE DALTON. WES-TEC SECURITY, INTERNA-TIONAL AWARD JEFF NELSEN, GUAM. FORT KNOX, TEAM VS. TEAM JEFF WASSOM, TOM CAMPBELL. 1ST REVOLVER FRED WARDELL. 1ST WOMAN LINDA ZUBIENA.





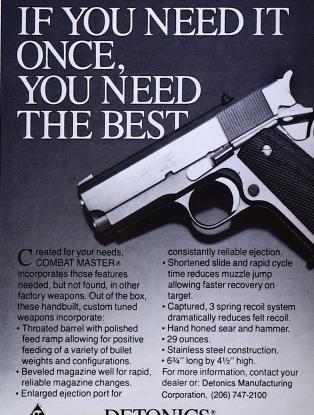
High-finisher Plaxco readies for draw.

Joanna Fichman proved that shooting is for women too.



nightmare he had one evening!

The Southwest Pistol League deserves high commendation for their presentation of a well organized and highly exciting match, featuring a total of 198 competitors. The continued success of Steel Challenge and Bianchi Cup events are vitally important to the promotion of shooting sports. Judging from the vast amount of industry support received by the Steel Challenge, the industry itself must feel the same way.





DETONICS A Subsidiary of Energy Sciences Corp.

Archery

By CHUCK ADAMS

Hooray for bowhunting rangefinders

One instant the cool morning woods were empty. The next, a fat, handsome mulie buck materialized from the undergrowth like a gray puff of smoke, gawking suspiciously about and then burying his schnozzle in a succulent clump of brush. Unknown to the handsome animal, a bowhunter in full camouflage garb was watching from a ground blind less than 40 yards away, his pulse playing a bongo beat as the deer's wide-flung rack bobbed up and down bewitchingly. The hunter waited for his chance and when the buck looked directly away, he drew his bow to shoot.

The flat-shooting aluminum arrow flickered maliciously as it sizzled on its way, and one split-instant later the projectile hit solidly with a satisfying watermelon plunk. The buck whirled on a dime and tore away through the trees the way a mortally hit animal usually does. There was only one problem with the shot — the buck was not mortally hit at all.

That incident happened several years ago, but I still remember it as if it were yesterday. As I hustled over to check the area where the buck had fled, my heart quickly sank to my knees. My arrow was firmly lodged in a pine tree a full two feet above the



bush the buck had been browsing in perfect line with where his ribs had been, but well above his backline. In the gray half-light of dawn, I had badly overestimated the distance to the buck, holding 40 yards when the animal was only 30 yards away. The result was a clean miss and a very sharp reminder that a hunting bow shoots arrows with an incredibly arching trajectory. The incident was also a reminder that nobody can accurately estimate bow-shooting distance by eve each and every time, no matter how much experience and how much practice he's had.

There is nothing particularly easy about accurately shooting a hunting bow at targets and game. However, a serious sportsman who learns the basics of good bow-shooting form and practices with targets on a regular basis can shoot surprisingly tight arrow groups if he knows the exact range to his targets. The looping flight of arrows from even the fastest-shooting compound bows make hits on deersized targets extremely tough to pull off when a shooter must quesstimate the distance of his shots. A quick look at arrow trajectory charts proves this statement in black and white. A hunter shooting a typical deer rifle in the .270 Winchester or .30-06 Springfield class can hold dead on a deer out to 250 or 300 yards, and even a hunter shooting a "primitive" black powder rifle can aim without sight compensation out to 100 yards or more. By contrast, a misjudgement of 2 or 3 yards at 40 yards will cause an arrow to completely miss a deer measuring 16 inches from backline to brisket. Even a one yard miscalculation will cause a miss or a crippling hit on a deer 60 yards away. A good shot with a bow can nail a deer's 10-inch vital chest zone virtually every time at 40 to 60 yards if he knows the exact distance of his shot, but an arrow that drops off several feet between 10 and 40 yards requires incredibly close estimation of field-shooting distances.

Accurate range estimation has been the good bowhunter's primary shooting bugaboo for many, many years. The recent introduction of flatter shooting compound bows and cam-operated bows has helped the hunter to a minor degree, but even the very fastest shooting hunting bow an archer can currently lay his hands on, produces an extremely arching projectile flight. If the distance to a deer is misjudged by just a few yards, the hunter is apt to miss completely or at best score a non-fatal grazing hit.

Bowhunters can lower their number of missed shots with periodic practice at gauging field distances. Don't expect perfection however — even the best and most experienced range esti-



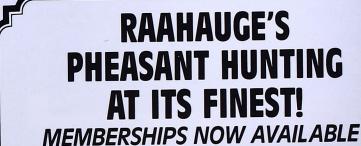
mators are not infallible in judging distances to game. A recent U.S. Army study of trained observers determined that a seasoned range estimator misjudges distance by an average of 17 percent under controlled circumstances — and a 17-percent distance error in hunting circumstances invariably causes a clean miss on deer-sized targets. Add the basic human deficiencies in distance judging to the variables of animal size, topography configuration, and light intensity encountered in the woods, and the average bowhunter is apt to find that many of his shots are either high or

Fortunately, there is now an answer to a modern bowhunter's range-estimation problems — the bowhunting rangefinder, an ultra-accurate optical device which triangulates exact distances to maximum bow-shooting ranges with the simple rotation of a distance dial. Bowhunting rangefinders are nothing new, but highly accurate, compact models have been available for only four or five years. Ranging, Inc. has been the pioneer in this field, perfecting the technology for producing belt-carried rangefinders that consistently determine yardage to unalerted game or landmarks where game is likely to appear. Rangefinders of yesteryear were inaccurate and cumbersome to operate in bowhunting situations, but modern models have proven accurate, dependable, and extremely easy to use.

The two most popular bowhunting rangefinders sold today are the Ranging Model 50 and the Ranging Model LR-80. The ultra-compact Model 50 is accurate within a half yard at 50 yards, and the slightly larger Model LR-80 is accurate within half a yard at 70 or 80 yards. Both units are carried close at hand in padded, waterproof belt pouches, providing instant access in the presence of game. Such rangefinders are without a doubt the most important equipment innovation to hit the archery market since the commercial introduction of the compound bow in 1968, turning "iffy" shooting situations into likely meat in the bag.

The majority of bowhunters use rangefinders to gauge the distance to prominent landmarks near their stands. In addition, sneaky archers can often take distance readings directly on unalerted animals, especially when these animals have their eyesight obscured by natural objects like logs, bushes, or trees. A rangefinding device like the Model 50 or Model LR-80 is by no means a cure-all for doping the range to game. Requiring a few seconds to use and a stationary object to sight on in relatively decent light, the tool still gives bowhunters a decided edge in the majority of shooting situations.

A serious bowhunter should realize the importance of accurate range estimation in the field, and provide himself with a top-quality, bowhunting rangefinder. Practicing range estimation by eye is an important key to coping with split-second shooting situations afield, but nothing can match the accuracy of a rangefinding tool when deliberate shots present themselves. In more cases than not, such a rangefinder can make the critical difference between a dead-center hit and a miss, well above or below an animal!



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BYE BYE BIRDIE

Solons shine in Sacramento trapshoot

There is probably not a more competitive group of men in the country than legislators. Whether it be over partisan politics or over who can bust the greatest number of clay pigeons, Solons will give it their best shot or as we should say, best scores of 25.

The Sacramento Trap Club and Gun Owners Inc. hosted an evening shoot where interested state officials were invited to test their skills with Berettas and Brownings rather than bull and baloney. There is a sizable number of Senate members who are pro-gun and quite a few responded to the invitation from club president Paul Wruster, vice president Lloyd Shaw and senator Richardson. When it comes to guns, it's a nonpartisan issue. Several of the senators had taken real leadership in opposition to Proposition 15. Senator Joe Montoya



Sen. Dan Boatright (D)

(D) and senator Ed Davis (R) are two good examples.

State Controller, Ken Cory (D), who was also invited, captained one of the teams and Senator H.L. Richardson (R) the other. When the smoke settled, Richardson's team had won by only three birds. Several of the senators were a little rusty, but most showed they knew what they were doing with a shotgun in hand. Ken Cory is an excellent upland game bird hunter as is Senator Dan Boatwright (D).

Tommy Forbes, representing Beretta USA, attended the shoot and

brought, to everyone's delight, a number of his company's fine shotguns. Ken Cory put down his Ithaca 12 gauge over & under to try the Beretta 680 Competition Mono Trap while Senator Richardson temporarily abandoned his Browning 12 gauge over & under to shoot the Beretta 680 Competition 12 gauge Skeet. Both shotguns had excellent balance and were beautifully constructed. The senators also had the opportunity to test the Beretta S04 Competition over & under Skeet and the A302 Competition Trap, both with great satisfaction.

The ground was covered with spent Winchester AA trap shells as the sun dropped over the horizon, calling an end to a great afternoon.



Sen. Dan McCorquodale (D)



State Controller Ken Cory (D)



Democrat Senators McCorquodale, Carpenter and Montoya



Cory's team on the line



Sen. Henry Mello (D) waits his turn



Cory scores



Sen. Alan Robbins (D)



Beretta rep Tommy Forbes shows wares to Sen. Ed Davis (R)



Republican Sen. Ed Royce checks scores

By MIKE DALTON

This was to be the year of Brian Enos of Mesa, Arizona. He won the Shooting Times — Moving Target Event and the Heckler and Koch Falling Plate Match by not only firing a perfect score, but breaking a tie for first place in the event by shooting a record 505 straight falling plates one of history's outstanding shooting feats. Coupled with good scores on the Aimpoint Practical Event and the Guns and Ammo Barricade Event, Enos took the overall championship by one point over John Pride of Los Angeles, California. Brian received \$13,000 in cash and prizes to bring his total winnings to over \$20,000. He lost last years cup to Mickey Fowler by one point and interestingly enough, the same total score. It took two years of splendid shooting for him to obtain the title of Bianchi Champion, an obviously well earned championship.

This year's 4-Man Team Event, sponsored by Cannon Safes, was won by the L.A.P.D. Team led by John Pride. Its members included Fred Romero, J.P. Nelson and Chris Kaufman. The Los Angeles Police Department can be proud to have these four men represent them in competition. They are professional yet approachable, and project an excellent image of a police officer.

More and more women are competing in these tournaments and this year's first place winner was Sara Van Valzah of Maryland.

The final day of the tournament was set aside for the Colt Firearms Speed Event. Only the top 20 shooters in the other four events are eligible to participate in this final contest. It is intended to be a crowd pleaser as it showcases the best shooters in the world in one on one contests against steel targets and the clock. During the qualification portion of this contest, competitors engage the five targets, set at ten yards, four times to achieve a qualifying accumulative time. The top six qualifiers then fire on duplicate



Brian Enos — it was his day

set-ups against each other. The fastest and most accurate competitor receives a point for defeating his opponent in three out of five bouts. Fired in a "round robin" fashion the competition continues until each man has faced each of the other five. Jerry Usher of Canyon Country, California, set very fast times while defeating opponents Ross Seyfried and Ed Brown.

The six men that did battle all morning were Mickey Fowler, Ed Brown, Brian Enos, Ross Seyfried, Jerry Usher and myself. It finally came down to Jerry Usher and me in a shoot-off for the \$5,000 first prize. Before a crowd of about 400 spectators, the final shots were about to be fired. The tension was high, as were the stakes. The first bout went to Usher by a fraction of a second. Then came the second round and I left one target standing — a mistake that I

was trying desperately not to have happen — and the second bout went to Usher. Now it was 2 to 0 in a best of 5 contest. In the next round I vowed to myself to make "one shot hits". The horn sounded. We drew and both took out all the targets, but I had the edge on time. It was now 2 to 1, Jerry's favor. Again, I told myself that only "hits" count and prepared to fire again. I don't know exactly what was going through Jerry's mind, but it must have been much the same. Then came the fourth bout and I forced myself to take "too long" to shoot the targets. A look to my left revealed that Jerry had left a target standing. It was now even at 2 to 2.

I'll never forget the next five shots. The 400 spectators, the \$5,000, my ego, and all other extraneous thoughts had to be removed from my mind. I didn't know if I would win but I did know I could hit the targets if I took the necessary time. The signal came and I forced myself to see a



The Bianchi Cup V is now history

and the competitors are already

"gearing up" for next year. There was

much talk of equipment changes and

match preparations to propel the

shooters to higher scores. The Bianchi

Cup is a highly competitive event and

the rumor of over \$200,000 in cash

and prizes next year will make it even

perfect sight picture on each target and even to make minor adjustments while releasing the trigger. When the five shots were over I glanced over at Jerry's targets and saw he had left two standing. I had won. To say the least, I was overcome with joy and satisfaction of a job well done. To compete with the best shooters in the world is an honor in itself, but to defeat them and win the Colt Speed Event title is indeed something that once seemed only a dream.

The final standings of the speed event found Ross Seyfried second and Mickey Fowler third.

This year when Mickey Fowler stepped to the firing line on the Guns and Ammo Barricade Event, he was to begin his fourth attempt to win the overall Bianchi Cup title. It was a beautiful day, sunny and about 75 degrees; perfect shooting weather. At the signal to begin firing, Fowler drew his .45 auto and placed 6 "tens" on his target. The second signal sounded and again he placed 6 "tens". Everything seemed to be going just right. But there was a problem; the new electronic timing system, being used for the first time in Bianchi Cup competition, showed Mickey was overtime on his last shot. Ten points was the penalty for the infraction and his hopes of winning his 4th championship were all but lost. At the Bianchi cup, ten points is about all you can afford to lose on two matches and this was just his first. Mickey, being the champion that he is, took it in stride and without complaint went on to fire the rest of the tournament finishing 8th overall and 3rd in the Colt Speed

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Admiration was a good part of this job!

Top Twenty at Bianchi Cup 1. Brian Enos

1.	Brian Enos	1903
2.	John Pride	1902
3.	Tom Campbell	1897
4.	Bill Gambill	1890
	Mark Duncan	1890
6.	Rob Leatham	1886
7.	Jerry Usher	1882
8.	Mickey Fowler	1878
	Mitchell McNeece	1876
	Fred Romero	1876
	Mike Dalton	1873
12.	Bill Wilson	1872
13.	Eddie Brown	1869
	J.P. Nelson	1867
15.	William Rogers	1858
	Roger Burgess	1852
17.	Ross Seyfried	1848
	Royce Weddle	1842
19.	Sam Yarosh	1840
20.	Rick Castelow	1835



Fishing

By TIM MACY

The fish just don't act the same on tournament day

I gave it everything I could, straining to cast the surface plug another few feet past the lure of my fishing partner, bass tournament pro, Don Doty. Even though we were in Don's spanking new 20 foot Ranger Bass Boat, I was standing inches behind him, making every cast as if it were the most important cast of my life. To say that I was getting in his way would be too polite . . . I was driving him CRAZY. If he'd tried to swat a mos-

quito on the back of his neck, he'd have slapped me in the face.

I was fishing the "practice day" before my first two-day tournament, sponsored by the Western Bass Fishing Association, on Lake Don Pedro, located about 30 miles east of Modesto, California. Don and I were fishing along with mutual friend and tournament regular, Tom Killingsworth.

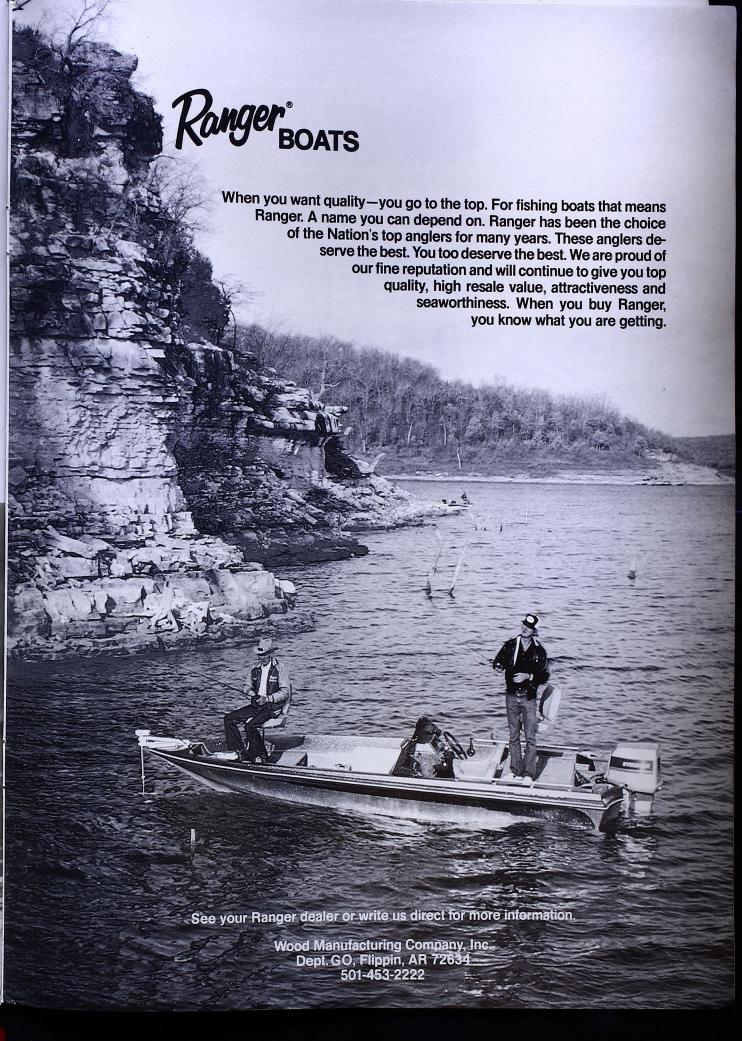
"These 'newies' are all alike," Don

told Tom. "They think the fish are going to jump right into the boat during the tournament and beg to be weighed in." Turning to me he said, "Hey son, the fish don't act the same on the tournament days. So settle down."

I had been catching fish all morning and I was so excited my heart was jumping through my shirt. By ten in the morning I was predicting how many pounds of fish per day I would

continue





catch on my way to victory. I couldn't figure out why the two veterans, who hadn't caught nearly as many as I had, kept laughing every time I upped my total pounds prediction.

Even though my muscles ached with excitement, I finally tried to settle down and do what I had come to do: I wanted to know why the same handful of pro bass fishing regulars on the Western Bass circuit make the top rankings by the end of each tournament year.

Don Doty's record certainly puts him in the category of top pro fishermen. In the first tournament he ever fished, Don took first place, even beating the friend who had shown him how to fish with a plastic worm, just before the tournament! Winning that first-ever local club tournament near his home in southern California, hooked Don for life on bass fishing. And it's been nothing but up from there.

That was 1978. In 1979, Don fished the Western Bass "draw" tournaments and qualified for the Tournament of Champions in his first year on the tour.

Don's second year of tournament fishing, 1980, was also the year he did something no other tournament pro had ever done before. He fished the B.A.S.S., Western Bass, and the Southwest Association of Bass Champions (SWAB) circuits, qualifying for the BASSMASTERS CLASSIC and both the Western Bass and SWAB Tournaments of Champions.

What makes this guy so good? I ask myself that question every time I fish with Doty, so this time I decided to watch his every move during the pretournament practice day, and just ask a lot of questions.

One of the first things I noticed was his incredible attention to detail. In the first light of morning, before we'd even put the boat in the water, Don was putting new Trilene line on every reel. While he was sharpening every hook on every lure and retying each one to his rods, I was impatiently waiting to get fishing. After all, I had put new line on my reels only two weeks before and my hooks were sharp — the lures were right out of the package.

Then I saw Don take a brand new lure right from the package, test the hook, and then sharpen every one of the six treble barbs on it before tying it to his line. That did it. "Why did you sharpen that new bait?" I asked.

"The average fisherman thinks new hooks are always sharp, but the pros know that's not always true," he replied. "I test every hook, new or old, and sharpen it if it needs it."

Another tip I learned was that most tournament fishermen put new line on their reels after each fishing day, especially when prize money and recognition are on the line.

Asking questions throughout the day, I began to understand why Don Doty is so good at this sport. His Ranger 392-V is kept in perfect running order, as are the Mercury 200 horsepower motor, the Mercury "Thruster-Plus" trolling motor on the front of the boat and his Lowrance electronic fish finders, mounted on the bow and console. Don is a true believer in taking care of every detail before he gets out on the water. He uses only one type of casting reel, Garcia's 4500 CB and only one brand of rod. the Phenix Boron rods in both casting and spinning models with varying actions for different fishing conditions.

"No matter which rod and reel I pick up, I want it to feel the same as the last one I put down. Just that little difference in reels or rods may cost



me a tournament winning fish and I don't want that to happen. I'm out here to catch bass, not learn how to fish with every reel and rod made!"

In addition to his meticulous attention to detail, Don's fierce competitive spirit literally radiates his determination to win. Just being around him and talking about the tournament, I could feel his confidence building with every cast and with each new technique he tried during the practice day. It's the same desire to succeed that has made him one of the most successful concrete contractors in southern California as owner of the Orange County Concrete Co.

This is a guy who throws his heart and soul into every new adventure. Don has recently embarked on his newest business venture, ANGLERS MARINE where he intends to sell Ranger Boats and fishing tackle in his new store located in Santa Ana, California. If history is any indication, ANGLERS MARINE is destined to become one of the biggest and best fishing and marine equipment stores in Orange County.

And he hasn't stopped there. Don has also started marketing his own spinnerbait, called WONDER BLADES as well as his own hook sharpening file called WONDER FILE. I can attest to the quality of his new bait, as I have personally caught two fish over five pounds each with the WONDER BLADES in the past two months. I also have a handful of his hook files in my tackle box that I use religiously.

Most importantly, Don is a success as a person. His quick wit and ability to laugh at himself, makes a day on the water with him just that much more enjoyable. Even his wife, Sammy, says nice things about him — and that's saying a lot for a guy who spends so much time out fishing!

In a field of over 160 anglers at Lake Don Pedro, Don finished 17th, putting him just that much closer to his 5th straight Tournament of Champions finish in 5 years of bass fishing.

I'd love to finish this story by telling you that I won first place, but I learned that Don was right when he told me the fish just don't act the same on tournament days, so let's just say that I didn't finish last, and leave it at that. I'll do better next time — I hope.

4



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EVENT #	50 Singles Targets Non-compulsory Purse Divided 60%-40% High Gun Basis. 5 Classes Trophy to winner of each class including novice.	\$8.50 \$3.50
EVENT #2	50 Handicap Targets Non-compulsory Purse Divided 60%-40% Gun Basis by Yds. Group 18-24, 25-27 yards. Trophy to winner and runner up.	\$8.50 \$3.50
EVENT #3	25 Pair of Doubles Targets Non-compulsory Purse Divided 60%-40% High Gun Basis. 4 Classes Trophy to winner of each class.	\$8.50 \$3.50

In addition to the class and yardage trophies above, we will award trophies to Hi-Lady, Hi-Junior, and Hi-Veteran based on their combined singles and Handicap scores. (3 or more entries required.) Class or 100 Target Trophy award (Not Both). • High-Over-All Trophy based on the combined singles, handicap, and double scores.

For more information call: Brian Judy (916) 443-5909



Washington Political Report

By LARRY PRATT

To judge or not to judge

On March 25, I had the opportunity to testify before the Senate Judiciary's Subcommittee on Separation of Powers chaired by Senator John East (R-NC). The following is based on my remarks that day.

Gun Owners of America is concerned with protecting the firearms freedoms of Americans as well as seeing the criminal justice system work fairly. In both areas, the federal judiciary has been arbitrary, capricious, and inimical to the freedoms and safety of individual Americans.

The same federal judicial system that has presumed to infringe on the right to keep and bear arms also has a record of disaster in the area of law enforcement and victims' rights.

Federal Judge Bernard Decker single-handedly amended the U.S. Constitution by ruling that a Morton Grove, Illinois ban on handguns was constitutional.

The ruling is wrong on constitutional grounds whether one holds to the framers' view that the Bill of Rights only affects Congress and the federal government, or one holds that the Fourteenth Amendment brought state law under the Bill of Rights.

Judge Decker was operating under the doctrine that the Fourteenth Amendment made the Bill of Rights apply to the states, thus giving him jurisdiction. While many scholars question that the Fourteenth Amendment did any such thing based on the statements of the authors of the amendment, judicial activists like Judge Decker have been permitted by Congress to take the Constitution in their own hands and amend it by judicial fiat - rather than wait for two-thirds of the Congress and threefourths of the states to amend the Constitution as required by the Constitution. Assuming he had jurisdiction, Judge Decker would have had to rule against Morton Grove if he had followed the clear intent of the Second Amendment which, as with all other amendments, is a protection of individual freedoms.

Judge Decker should have ruled that he had no jurisdiction over a state matter which should have been decided in the Supreme Court of the State of Illinois. Instead, Judge Decker usurped jurisdiction and then proceeded to violate the constitution of the State of Illinois in addition to the U.S. Constitution. The Illinois State Constitution guarantees private ownership of firearms consistent with the "police power" of the state. The Judge ruled that a local ordinance banning handguns was covered by the "police power" clause.

Judge Decker, who serves for life, and for practical purposes is accountable to no one, has legislated a new constitutional procedure in order to change the constitution and establish a policy based on his whim alone. Whatever the intentions of Judge Decker, secure in the life-long tenure of his judgeship, has, with a stroke of his pen, saved accountable state officials from holding the hot potato of gun control and confiscation.

Judge Decker's legislation by judicial fiat is all too common a practice when it comes to the penalties and procedures that can be used by the criminal justice system.

For example, the D.C. Court of Appeals ruled that three women who were raped and savagely beaten could not sue the police department for negligence even though two of the women twice telephoned the police when the trouble began and were told help was on the way each time!

Other Supreme Court rulings such as the Miranda decision, the exclusionary rules, and wide-spread use of the writ of habeus corpus in capital punishment cases have, all too often, put vicious criminals back on the streets where they continue victimizing innocent members of society.

Congress can attack these problems by withdrawing jurisdiction from federal courts. This will leave states free to work out those procedures they think best. At the present time, judge-made laws resulting in new or changing federal procedures, make a mockery of justice in federal courts, but these procedures also impose the same limitations on justice in the states. The recently enacted California State Constitutional Amendment (by initiative Proposition 8) threw out the excesses of California courts, but the framers of Prop. 8 explicitly limited their reforms to that which the federal exclusionary rule permits.

Capital punishment is another area where judicial activism has mocked countless victims and their relatives by sparing, and even freeing vicious killers from their appointment with the executioner.

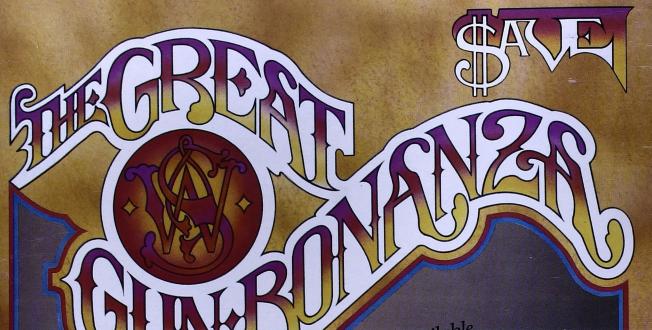
For cases involving capital punishment verdicts in state courts, the federal judiciary should have no jurisdiction other than granting a writ of habeus corpus if a convicted person has been detained by an improper court (the original purpose of habeus corpus). Such withdrawal of jurisdiction usurped by federal courts is clearly within Congress' constitutional authority (Article II, Section 2).

There are senators who view such proposals to restrict federal court jurisdiction as "court stripping." Their assumption has to be that the word of the Supreme Court is the supreme law of the land. That assumption is entirely unconstitutional, and if this doctrine continues to operate unchecked, we will have government of, by, and for the federal judiciary. Ultimately, nine unaccountable judges will have unrestricted legislative authorty.

The danger in America is not "court stripping." Rather, our danger derives from being stripped of safe streets and homes and being turned unarmed over to the caprice of murderers, robbers and rapists set loose by a judiciary run amok.

For law to be respected and effective, judges must be brought under the control of the Constitution. Congress has that authority, and the American people must make sure the Congress understands this.





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